

JAN 23 1953  
CRIME  
AND  
JUSTICE

# CRIME and JUSTICE

10¢ NO. 12  
CDC

COME NOW,  
MR. CHASE, I AM  
A PEACEFUL MERCHANT.  
IT IS **MOST** ABSURD  
OF YOU TO THINK ME  
A KIDNAPPER...MUCH  
LESS A **MURDERER!**





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



# SO... YOU WANT TO BE A DETECTIVE ???

**I**N THE OFFICE OF BOOKIE "LEFTY" WALES...



I'M SORRY, GAIL, BUT I'LL NEVER MARRY YOU. IT'S BEEN FUN... BUT I'M NOT GOING TO TIE MYSELF DOWN WITH A WIFE!

WHY YOU DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSER... AFTER ALL YOUR PROMISES! I'LL GET EVEN, LEFTY, I SWEAR IT...

**L**ATER THAT DAY, ARTIE ROMM, ONE OF LEFTY'S RUNNERS, COMES IN WITH THE DAY'S "TAKE"



GET OUT, ARTIE, YOU'RE THROUGH! YOU'VE BEEN POCKETING PART OF THE TAKE. DON'T LET ME SEE YOU AROUND HERE AGAIN!

WHY YOU CHEAP, CROOK... YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR THIS... LEFTY, I PROMISE YOU!

**A** THIRD THREAT PRESENTS ITSELF IN THE PERSON OF RICK RICHARDS, TO WHOM LEFTY OWES \$10,000 IN GAMBLING DEBTS...



I CAN'T PAY RIGHT NOW, RICK. GIVE ME SOME MORE TIME.

OKAY! I'LL GIVE YOU 'TIL 10 P.M. TONIGHT. YOU PAY THEN OR ELSE!

**A**T 10:50 P.M. GAIL WALKED INTO LEFTY'S OFFICE AND...



OH, NO! LEFTY! LEFTY! HE'S BEEN SHOT. SOMEONE'S KILLED HIM!

**C**URTIS CHASE, THE NOTED CRIMINOLOGIST IS CALLED TO CONDUCT THE INVESTIGATION...



I WOULDN'T HURT HIM, I LOVED HIM!

I'D BE CRAZY TO BUMP HIM OFF. HE OWED ME \$10,000!

IT'S AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE OF SUICIDE. HE TOLD ME HE WAS HEAVILY IN DEBT!

ALL OF YOU HAVE EXCELLENT MOTIVES. BUT ONLY ONE OF YOU KILLED HIM. I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR THE MURDER OF "LEFTY" WALES!

WHO?



ARTIE, YOU WANTED US TO BELIEVE HE COMMITTED SUICIDE. YOU SHOT HIM, AND PRESSED THE GUN TO HIS HAND TO GET HIS PRINTS ON THE GUN. BUT YOU MADE ONE BIG MISTAKE THAT ELIMINATED THE SUICIDE ANGLE. YOU PRESSED THE GUN INTO HIS RIGHT HAND! HE WOULD HAVE USED A GUN IN HIS LEFT HAND, NOT HIS RIGHT, TO SHOOT HIMSELF!



**A**RTIE, YOU WANTED US TO BELIEVE HE COMMITTED SUICIDE. YOU SHOT HIM, AND PRESSED THE GUN TO HIS HAND TO GET HIS PRINTS ON THE GUN. BUT YOU MADE ONE BIG MISTAKE THAT ELIMINATED THE SUICIDE ANGLE. YOU PRESSED THE GUN INTO HIS RIGHT HAND! HE WOULD HAVE USED A GUN IN HIS **LEFT** HAND, NOT HIS RIGHT, TO SHOOT HIMSELF!

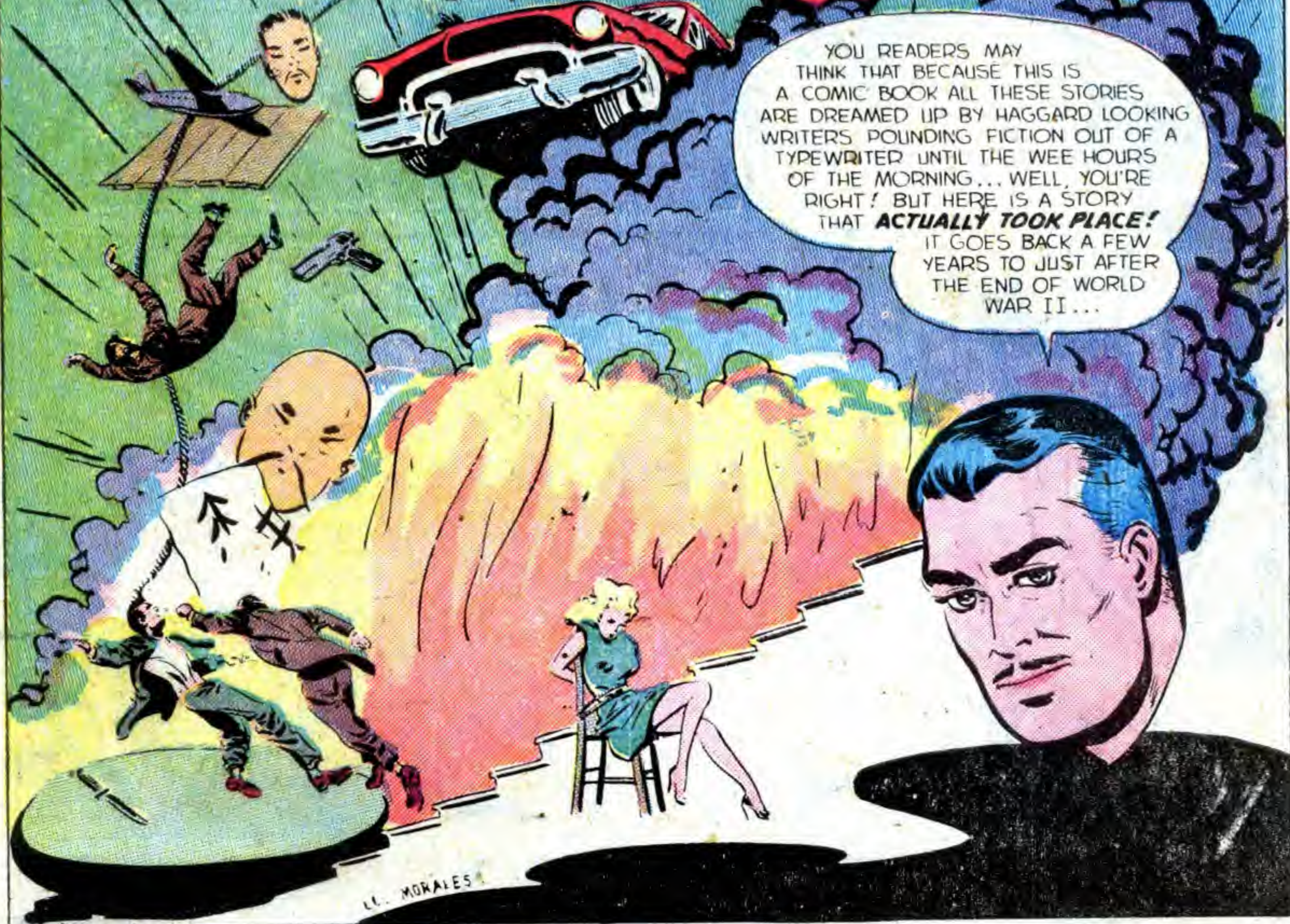




A  
MR. + MRS. CHASE  
NOVELETTE

# ALIAS 'Gregori'

YOU READERS MAY THINK THAT BECAUSE THIS IS A COMIC BOOK ALL THESE STORIES ARE DREAMED UP BY HAGGARD LOOKING WRITERS POUNDING FICTION OUT OF A TYPEWRITER UNTIL THE WEE HOURS OF THE MORNING... WELL, YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT HERE IS A STORY THAT **ACTUALLY TOOK PLACE!** IT GOES BACK A FEW YEARS TO JUST AFTER THE END OF WORLD WAR II...



I WAS IN CUBA FINISHING UP SOME LEGAL TRANSACTION FOR A CLIENT OF MINE IN NEW YORK AND HAD JUST SENT A CABLE GRAM LETTING MERRY KNOW I WAS LEAVING WHEN...

PERDON, SEÑOR BOT... YOU ARE LEAVE FOR NEW YORK TONIGHT, NO?

WHY.. YES. WHAT BUSINESS IS THAT OF YOURS?



NADA, AMIGO REALLY NOSSING.





# CRIME AND JUSTICE





# CRIME AND JUSTICE

**M**EANWHILE OUTSIDE, MY WIFE MERRY, WAS ANXIOUSLY WAITING..."



THAT HUSBAND OF MINE SHOULD CERTAINLY HAVE BEEN OUT BY... HERE HE COMES NOW... WITH TWO FRIENDS...

**A**S MERRY PULLED UP, I SAW MY CHANCE..."



HEY! GRAB HIM.



STEP ON IT, MERRY!

**I** WRIGGLED THROUGH THE WINDOW AS THE CAR SCREECHED AROUND CORNERS..."



I DON'T GET IT, MERRY. IT'S A LONG STORY SO I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT WHEN WE GET...

LOOK OUT!

**A** BIG BLACK SEDAN FORCED US TO THE CURB. A SINISTER FIGURE WITH AN EQUALLY SINISTER LOOKING CANNON RAN AROUND TO MY SIDE OF THE CAR AS I OPENED THE DOOR...



BACK THE CAR UP, MERRY, WHILE I HANDLE THIS JOKER!



COPS!

NO SOONER STEPPED OUT THAN A HAIL OF LEAD SPLATTERED AROUND MY HEELS...

BLAM BLAM



# CRIME AND JUSTICE





# CRIME AND JUSTICE

THAT WAS CLOSE! NOW  
HOW AM I EVER GOING TO  
FIND MERRY?

I LOWERED MYSELF TO THE  
STREET AND WALKED ALONG  
THE DARK SIDE, THINKING,  
WONDERING, WORRYING...



I WAS BUNDLED UP LIKE A SIX  
MONTH OLD ONLY THE ROPES  
WERE MOST UNCOMFORTABLE...



WHEN THE ROPES WERE CUT AND THE BURLAP  
SACK WAS REMOVED FROM OVER MY HEAD, I  
WAS IN A LUXURIOUSLY FURNISHED ROOM.. AND  
ACROSS FROM ME...



CHONG.. IS MY NAME.  
MR. CHASE. YOU WERE CHOSEN FOR THIS  
MISSION BECAUSE OF YOUR CLOSE RESEMBLANCE  
TO MR. GREGORI.. A FOREIGN AGENT. YOU WERE  
SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN ARRESTED..OR KILLED  
..SO THAT **OFFICIALLY** MR. GREGORI WOULD  
BE OUT OF THE WAY.

WHY  
YOU...



SILENCE!



# CRIME AND JUSTICE

SO YOUR BODY WILL BE CONVENIENTLY FOUND FLOATING IN THE BAY.. AS ASSURANCE FOR THE **REAL** MR. GREGORI'S SAFETY!



THAT DID IT! I DIDN'T INTEND PLAYING SUBSTITUTE TO A COMMIE CORPSE! I SNAPPED A DYNAMITE LEFT AT THE PUNK WITH THE ROD..

SWEET DREAMS, UGLY!



...AND TOOK OFF THROUGH THE ORIENTAL CURTAINS."

NOW WHICH WAY IS OUT? OUT? AM I CRAZY? MERRY'S IS PROBABLY BEING HELD CAPTIVE HERE, SO...



PICKING UP A MASSIVE CHAIR IN THE HALLWAY, I SENT IT THROUGH A SHUTTERED WINDOW TO MAKE THEM THINK I'D ESCAPED. THEN I RAN BACK TOWARD CHONG'S ROOM, HOPING HE'D BEEN TOO LAZY TO JOIN IN THE SEARCH FOR ME..."

IF I CAN ONLY NAIL THAT RED SO AN' SO **ALONE!**



WHA... SO YOU'RE BACK, MR. CHASE!

YES, I'M BACK! AND I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU TWO SECONDS TO TELL ME WHERE MY WIFE, MERRY, IS, **BUTCHER!**



COME NOW, MR! CHASE! KIDNAPPING IS OUT OF MY LINE, AS FOR MURDERING, THERE ARE BIGGER, MORE IMPORTANT THINGS IN THIS WORLD THAN A MERE **AMERICAN** LIFE!



YOU MAY BE RIGHT, FRIEND..DEPENDING ON HOW YOU LOOK AT IT... SO HERE'S ONE FOR THE BOYS IN **KOREA!**





# CRIME AND JUSTICE

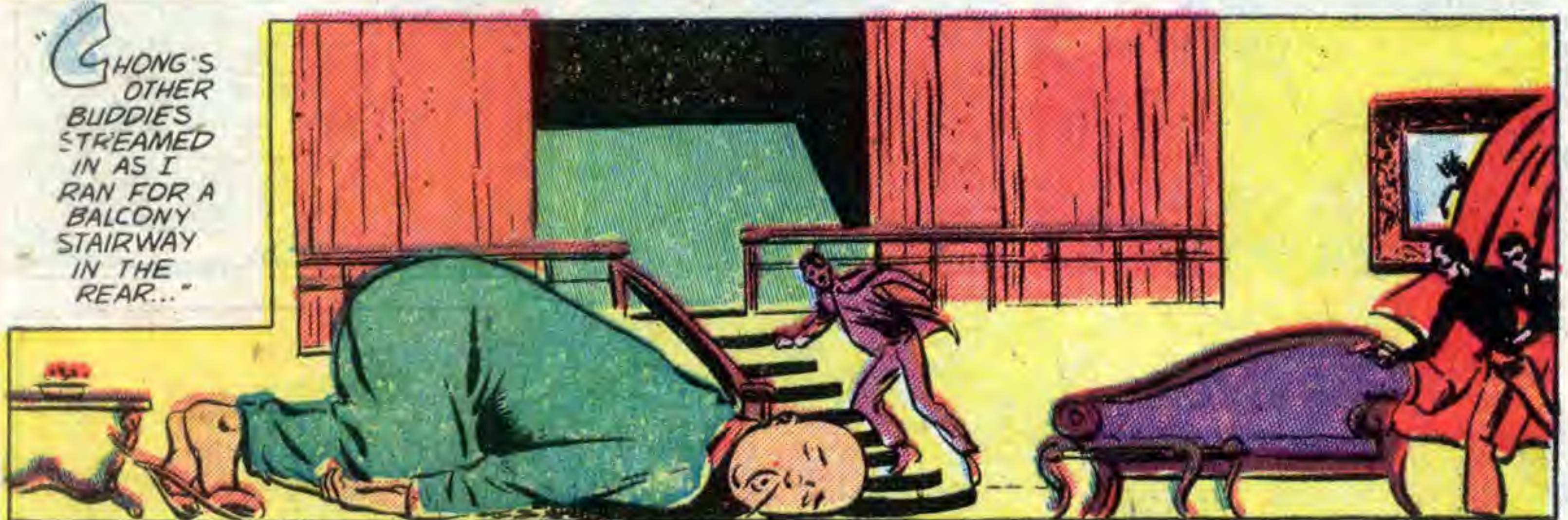
**W**HILE I CHANGED CHONG'S FEATURES, A SIDEKICK CREPT IN WITH A MILE-LONG PIGSTICKER AND...



**I** FELT THE COLD BLADE RIP THROUGH MY BACK AS I WHIRLED. EVIDENTLY THE CRUMB THOUGHT HE'D FINISH ME WITH ONE BLOW BECAUSE THE PAUSE HE TOOK FOR SURPRISE WAS LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO BLAST HIM WITH A LEFT TO THE MIDDLE AND A RIGHT THAT SOMERSAULTED HIM TWICE INTO A SWORD-BEARING STATUE...



**C**HONG'S OTHER BUDDIES STREAMED IN AS I RAN FOR A BALCONY STAIRWAY IN THE REAR...



**I** CAN'T SAY I WASN'T STUNNED WHEN I RAN RIGHT INTO A SLIGHTLY DISHEVELED BUT WELL BOUND...



**T**HE PATTERN OF PURSUING FEET CUT MY CONVERSATION TO THAT ONE WORD. I RIPPED A HEAVY DRAPE OFF ITS MOORING AND SWUNG IT LIKE OMAR'S FLYING CARPET...



**T**HAT SLOWED THEM SOMEWHAT. I REACHED FOR A BURNING URN AND CRASHED THAT DOWN ON THEM TOO...





# CRIME AND JUSTICE

**T**HE KINDER CAUGHT FASTER THAN A BOY SCOUT WITH A MATCH...

I'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF THIS IN A SECOND, MERRY. HOLD STILL.



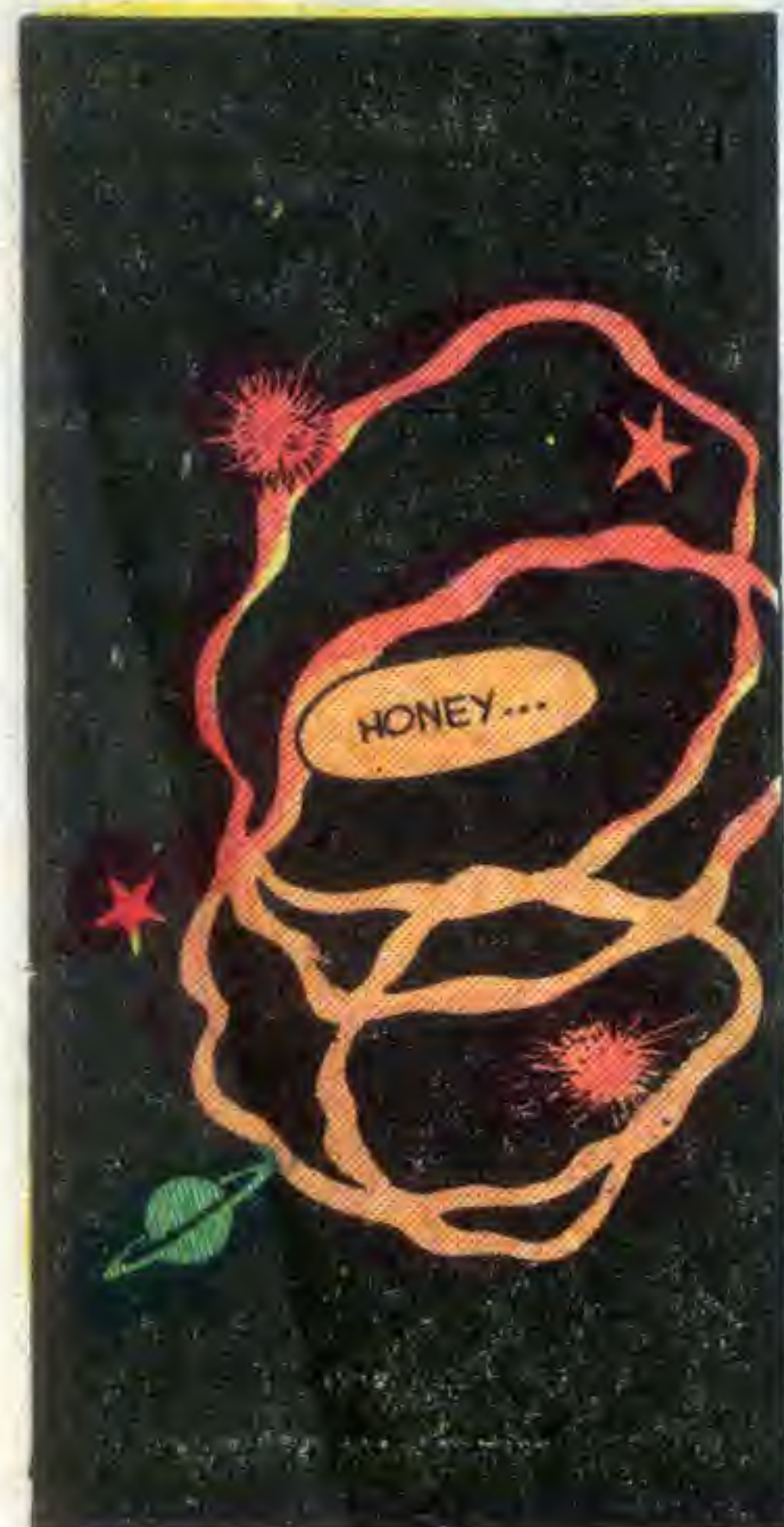
**W**E RAN DOWN A LONG HALL... I FELT MY STRENGTH EBBING FAST, BUT THE FIRE RAGING BEHIND US PRODDED ME ON. SUDDENLY...



**I** NEVER KNEW HOW OR WHAT I HIT BECAUSE I WAS UNCONSCIOUS BEFORE I REACHED BOTTOM...



**T**HEN, THROUGH A FOG, I SMELLED ANTISEPTIC... HEARD AN AUTOMOBILE HORN... AND SOMEBODY SAYING...



**I**T SOUNDED LIKE... MERRY! MAYBE WE'D BOTH DIED AND WERE IN OUR HAPPY HUNTING GROUND. THE HAZY CURTAIN SUDDENLY PARTED...

AND MY DEEPEST THANKS, OH BRAVE WARRIOR. IT'S A GOOD THING CHONG HAD A PRIVATE DOCK UNDER THE HOUSE. WE FELL INTO THE WATER AND THE POLICE AND FIRE DEPARTMENT FISHED US OUT!

WELL, MR. CHASE, THE U.S. GOVERNMENT OWES YOU AN APOLOGY AND A PAT ON THE BACK!

YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A FEW DAYS, MR. CHASE. IT WAS A DEEP CUT BUT NO SERIOUS DAMAGE.



SO YOU SEE, DEAR READERS, EVEN I HAD TO STAY UP TILL THE WEE HOURS TO WRITE THIS STORY.. AND DID I LOOK HAGGARD! MERRY STILL THINKS SO!





# FULL PARDON!

MIDVILLE COUNTY BANK



**MIDVILLE BANK  
ROBBED**

750,000 DOLLARS  
STOLEN. BANDIT  
KILLED BY GUARD.  
U.P. APR. 2. 1934

**BANK ROBBERS  
NABBED**

WILLIE SABLE TAKEN  
AFTER GUN BATTLE.  
COMPANION KILLED.  
U.P. APR. 4. 1934

**SABLE GETS  
LIFE**

MIDVILLE BANK ROBBER  
SENTENCED TODAY.  
LOOT STILL MISSING.  
U.P. APR. 25. 1934

LISTEN, JESSUP, THE POLICE DEPARTMENT WOULD LIKE TO SEE THAT 750 GRAND RECOVERED AS MUCH AS YOUR INSURANCE COMPANY WOULD! BUT THIS IDEA OF YOURS... I DON'T THINK THE GOVERNOR WOULD EVER GO FOR IT, IT'S MUCH TOO RISKY!



DICK  
GIORDANO



# CRIME AND JUSTICE

SABLE WOULDN'T TURN IT OVER BECAUSE THE D.A. REFUSED TO GIVE HIM A BREAK IF HE DID... HE KNEW HE'D GET LIFE FOR THE BANK HOLDUP REGARDLESS. MY COMPANY'S STUCK FOR THE INSURANCE. IF WE DON'T DO **SOMETHING**, SABLE WILL TAKE THE LOCATION OF THAT MONEY TO THE GRAVE WITH HIM! AT LEAST PUT OUR SCHEME BEFORE THE GOVERNOR AND SEE WHAT HE SAYS...



WELL, PERSONALLY I THINK IT'S A PUNK IDEA, TO SAY NOTHING OF VIOLATING SABLE'S CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS... BUT I'LL SEE WHAT THE GOVERNOR SAYS ABOUT IT...

NUTS TO SABLE'S RIGHTS! HE'S NEVER WORRIED ABOUT ANYONE ELSE'S RIGHTS! BE-SIDES, WE'LL BE WITHIN THE **LETTER** OF THE LAW ALL THE WAY!



AND ON THE FIRST DAY OF JUNE, 1952, AT THE STATE PRISON...

COME ON, WILLIE, THE WARDEN WANTS YOU... RIGHT AWAY!

WHAT'S UP? I AIN'T DONE NOTHING...



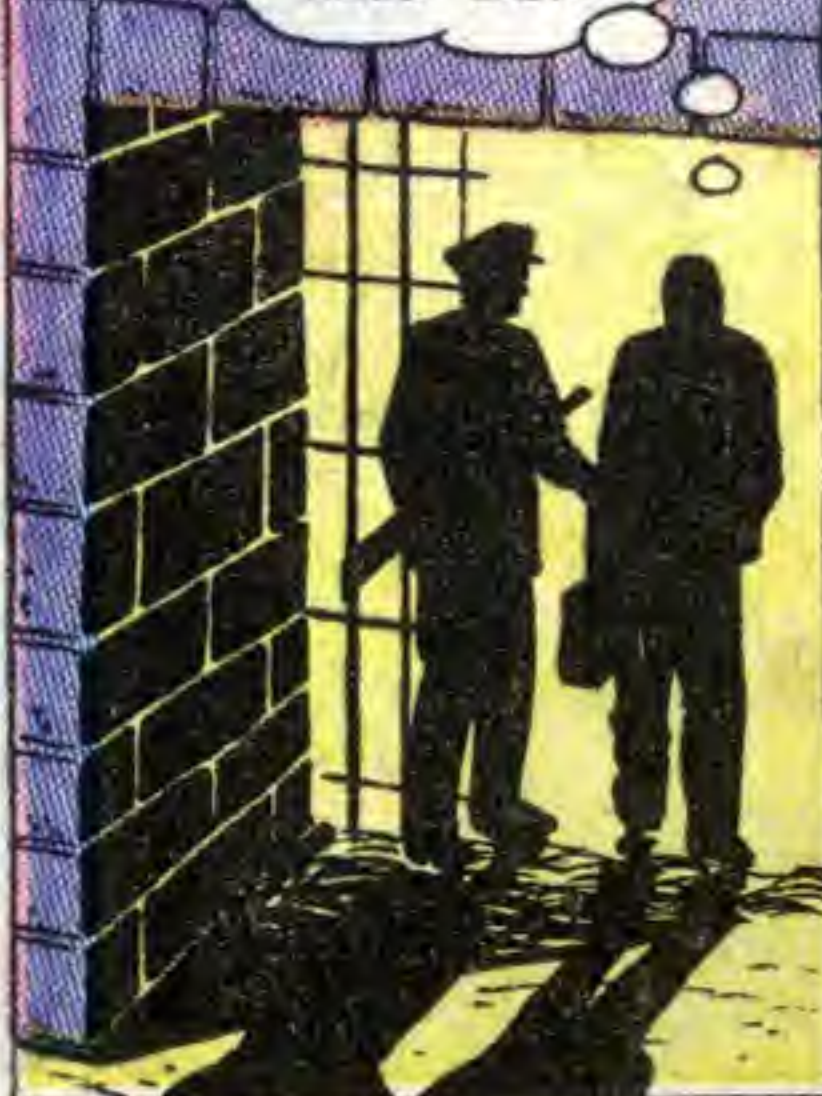
HERE YOU ARE, SABLE, A FULL PARDON! SIGNED BY THE GOVERNOR THIS MORNING.

A..A **PARDON!** YOU SURE THAT THING'S GOT **MY** NAME ON IT, WARDEN?



LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER...

THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT ALL THIS. EITHER THEY MADE A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE AND PUT THE WRONG NAME ON THIS PARDON, OR THE COPS ARE UP TO SOMETHIN' ABOUT THE 750 GRAND I HELD OUT...



THERE'S **BOUND** TO BE A MISTAKE SOMEPLACE... THEY HAD ME COLD... LIFE SENTENCE... AND NOW THIS! THING TO DO IS GET TO TOWN AND HOLE UP SOMEPLACE WHERE THEY CAN'T FIND ME WHEN THEY FIND OUT THEY LET THE WRONG GUY OUT.



IT'S FOR YOU ALL RIGHT, SABLE, JONES HERE WILL TAKE YOU OVER TO THE TAILOR SHOP FOR A SUIT OF CLOTHES. THEN COME BACK HERE AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE PARDON AND FIVE DOLLARS. YOU'RE A FREE MAN...

WELL... I DON'T GET IT... BUT I AIN'T GONNA ARGUE ABOUT IT! I'M READY WHEN YOU ARE!





# CRIME AND JUSTICE

ON THE OTHER HAND, I GOT THIS PARDON... AND MISTAKE OR NO MISTAKE, IT *IS* SIGNED BY THE GOVERNOR! JUST COULD BE I'M SITTIN' PRETTY... MAYBE THEY *CAN'T* TAKE ME BACK AGAIN WITH THIS PARDON.



AS THE CONFUSED AND MYSTIFIED BANK ROBBER'S TAXI HEADS TOWARD THE NOT TOO DISTANT CITY, ANOTHER AUTO SWINGS OUT OF A SIDE ROAD TO FOLLOW...

THEY JUST RELEASED HIM, COMMISSIONER. WE'RE FOLLOWING HIM NOW... YELLOW CAB, LICENSE NUMBER X-80271. HAVE THE BOYS IN THE CONVERTIBLE PICK THEM UP AT THE INTERSECTION OUTSIDE THE CITY, SO HE WON'T SPOT OUR CAR AND BECOME SUSPICIOUS...



X-80271. THAT'S HIM. CALL JESSUP AND TELL HIM WE'RE ONTO HIM.



NEWS TRAVELS FAST IN THE UNDERWORLD, AND A FEW MOMENTS AFTER SABLE IS IN HIS HOTEL ROOM, HE HAS TWO VISITORS...

SHORT TIME LATER, SABLE REGISTERS AT A SMALL HOTEL IN THE SUBURBS OF THE CITY...

I HAVEN'T ANY LUGGAGE, BUT I'M ONLY STAYIN' OVERNIGHT. I'LL PAY YOU FOR THE ROOM IN ADVANCE.



SID HOLIDAY! HOW'D YOU KNOW I WAS HERE?

NEVER MIND THAT, WILLIE...





# CRIME AND JUSTICE

...I FOUND OUT, THAT'S ENOUGH! I'LL GET RIGHT TO THE POINT, PAL. YOU AND BUGSY AND MY BROTHER, AL, MADE THAT HICK BANK FOR 750 G'S. BUGSY AND AL ARE BOTH DEAD... YOU GOT THE DOUGH! I FIGURE THAT ME BEIN' AL'S BROTHER PUTS ME IN LINE FOR HIS THIRD... OKAY?

YEAH, A THIRD... OKAY?

WHY, YOU CHEAP, CHISELIN'... A SHAKEDOWN, HUH?

SIT DOWN BEFORE I PUT A SLUG IN YOU! YOU GET IT THROUGH YOUR HEAD THAT YOU AND ME'S SHARIN' THAT ROLL, SEE?

YEAH... SEE?

DON'T SHOOT, SID. YEAH, I GUESS YOU BOYS ARE RIGHT, AT THAT. YOU **SHOULD** HAVE AL'S SHARE, ALL RIGHT, SID.

NOW YOU'RE TALKIN' SENSE! GET YOUR HAT AND COAT, FELLA, AND LET'S PICK UP THAT ROLL... OR HAVE YOU GOT IT ON YOU?

YEAH, MAYBE YOU GOT IT ON YOU?

DON'T BE SILLY! I JUST GOT OUT OF STIR TWO HOURS AGO. I AIN'T HAD A CHANCE TO GO AFTER THE MONEY. LET ME TIE MY SHOES AND GET MY COAT...



YOU RAT...

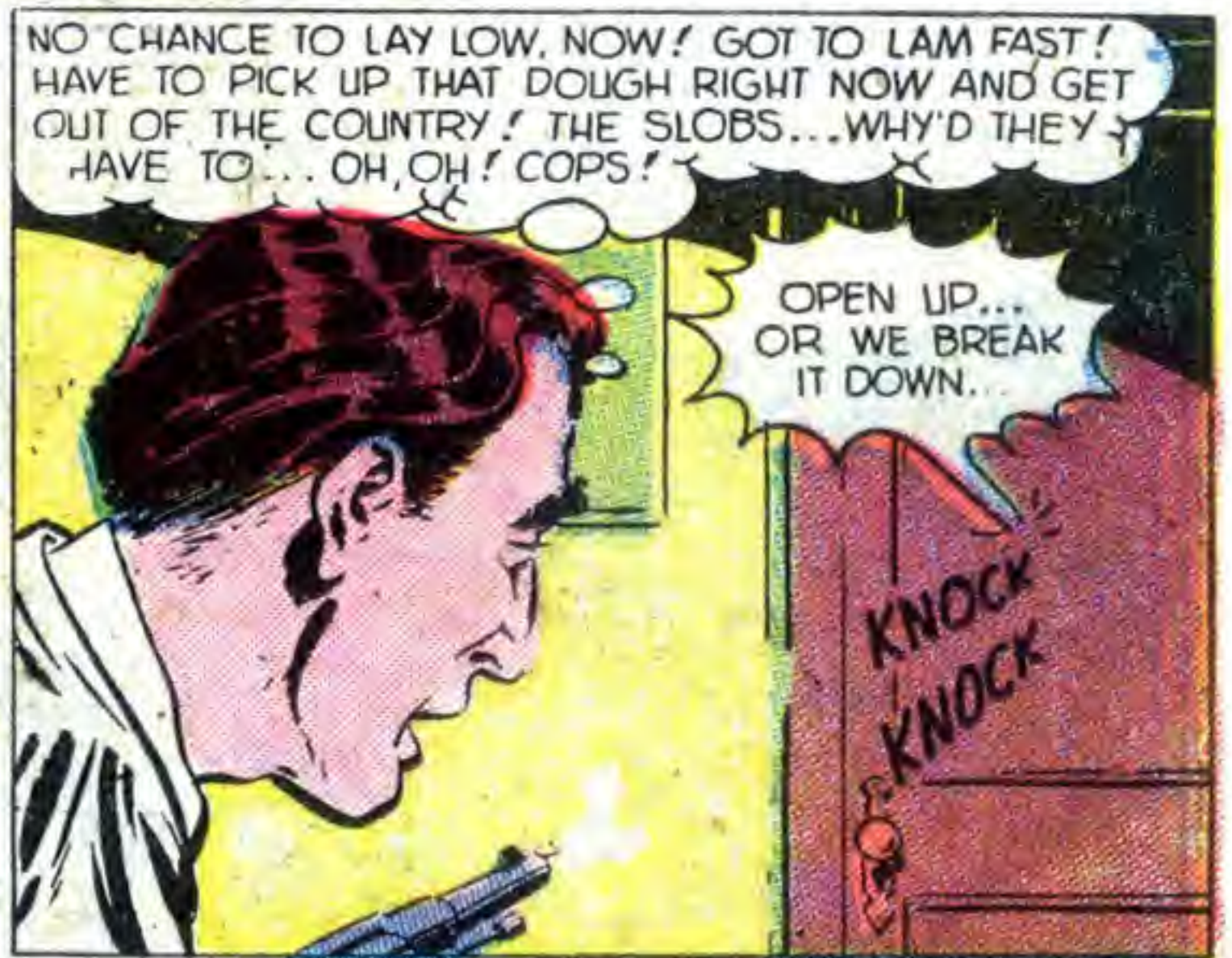


HEY... WHAT THE...?





# CRIME AND JUSTICE



*HALF AN HOUR LATER, WELL OUTSIDE OF THE CITY LIMITS, SABLE FORCES THE DRIVER TO TURN OFF THE STATE ROUTE ONTO A LITTLE TRAVELED BACK ROAD...*





# CRIME AND JUSTICE

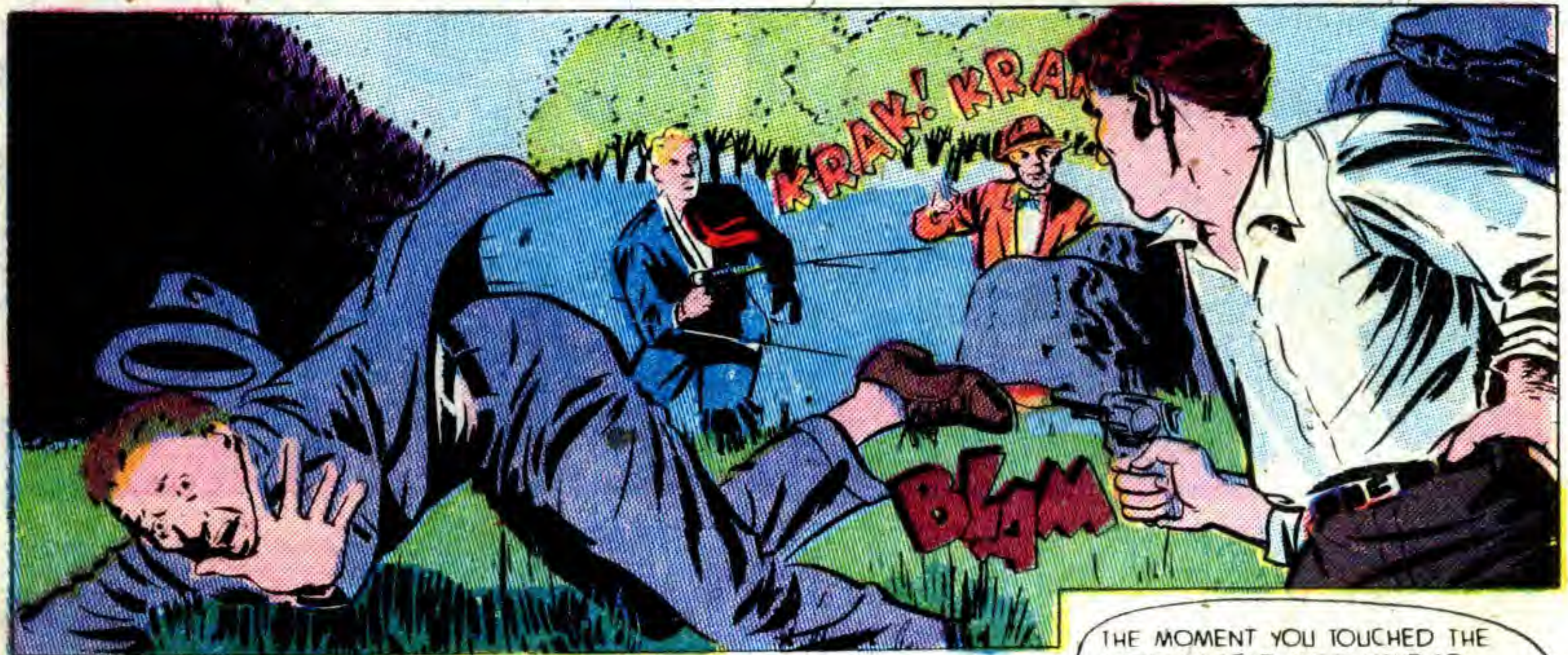
**S**EVERAL MILES DOWN THE DIRT ROAD SABLE FORCES THE DRIVER TO PULL UP AND GET.



YOU GO FIRST, MISTER, I'LL FOLLOW YOU. WE'RE GOIN' OVER TO THAT OLD SILO OVER THERE...

THERE'S A LOOSE STONE ON THE SECOND TIER TO THE RIGHT OF THE DOOR THERE. PRY IT OUT AND GET ME THE SUITCASE THAT'S BEHIND IT...

THAT'S WHAT WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR, MAC, LET'S GO... **DROP THAT GUN, SABLE, AND PUT YOUR HANDS UP!**



I'M AN INSURANCE DETECTIVE, SABLE. MY COMPANY WANTS THAT 750 THOUSAND YOU'VE GOT HIDDEN IN THE OLD SILO...

AND THE WARDEN UP AT THE PRISON WANTS YOU BACK WILLIE... ONLY THIS TIME YOU'LL BE IN THE DEATH HOUSE FOR TWO MURDERS! YOU'VE DONE A LOT OF DAMAGE FOR A GUY OUT OF STIR LESS THAN TWENTY FOUR HOURS!

I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THE LIGHT NOW... YOU BIRDS LET ME OUT JUST SO I COULD LEAD YOU TO THE ROLL! YOU BEEN WATCHIN ME ALL ALONG HUH? BUT IF I HADN'T OF KILLED SID AND HIS PAL YOU **COULDN'T** HAVE SENT ME BACK... I WAS PARDONED... **A FULL PARDON!**

THE MOMENT YOU TOUCHED THE MONEY, SABLE, WE'D HAVE ARRESTED YOU FOR HAVING STOLEN FUNDS IN YOUR POSSESSION... A FORMAL CHARGE IN ITSELF THIS BEING YOUR THIRD CONVICTION YOU'RE ELIGIBLE FOR A LIFE SENTENCE... WE'D HAVE YOU JUST WHERE YOU WERE BEFORE WE LET YOU OUT!

HOW THE @\*!# CAN A GUY WIN?



The End



# THE THIRTEENTH VICTIM

Alderman John Marshak was a big fat man. The last ten year, had added a hundred pounds of fat to his once physically tough body. And more than five million dollars to his bank accounts throughout the state. Seated opposite him was a medium-sized man who had just flown in from Frisco. Lou Heyland, torpedo, had received a telephone call. And his gun went to the highest bidder.

"Sam Falter told me you were tops in your field," complimented the Alderman. "And he even said you had something of the artist in you. I want Herbert Eakins, attorney-at-law, killed on Thursday evening of this week. And he must be put out of the way between the hours of 7 and 9 to give me a perfect alibi."

"You haven't a thing to worry about," reassured Lou Heyland as he patted his favorite weapon in its shoulder holster. "Unless you happen to be superstitious. This will be my thirteenth job this year. You know all about my fee arrangements?"

"You get five thousand before you go out on the job," replied John Marshak who conveniently ignored the remark about superstitions. He didn't care about seven or thirteen. The only thing he wanted to do was to keep his five million dollars. "That is satisfactory in every respect. Between the hours of 7 and 9 on Thursday evening I will be with the District Attorney at the Country Club. I promised to give him some information about how dope is being sold in this city. He will be my alibi. But your gun bothers me. If you have killed others with it then by ballistics they might eventually catch up with you. When you finish off Mr. Eakins I would like to get your gun. I will give you an extra two thousand dollars for it. Then I will drop it into a bucket of molten steel at the foundry."

The mention of the extra money made no visible impression upon Lou Heyland. For the moment his thoughts went back to Frisco. He had a date over the week end with Helen Mathews. Nice little dish with blue eyes and blond hair. For two thousand extra bucks he could get her a mink coat from Frank Davero.

"It's a deal, Mr. Marshak," he said quietly.

"Now where shall we meet so you get the gun and I get that extra bit of loose change that seems to be burning a hole in your wallet."

"You drive south on highway 24 until you come to Effers Crossing. Turn left until you come to a dead end. I'll be parked there. Blink your lights twice and I'll do the same."

Herbert Eakins was a happy man as he listened to opera recorded on his tape machine. Last week he had hooked up his tape recorder to a new FM radio set and made this special recording of "Rigoletto." It was relaxing to listen to good music. He had worked hard the last three months collecting evidence to show how Alderman John Marshak had a finger in every criminal payoff in the city and county. And also the peculiar fact that people who had offended this man seemed to vanish into thin air. He was wondering how many bodies in cement coats were at the bottom of the sea when his doorbell rang. He was alone in his small apartment so he answered the call.

"Special delivery letter for you," said a voice on the other side of the door. "You have to sign for it, you know."

No sooner had Herbert Eakins opened the door than he found himself facing a very business like .38 in the hands of a man determined to enter the room.

"Suppose we take a look around your place just to be certain you haven't got any company," suggested the crafty Lou Heyland.

"You have only to order and I have no choice but to obey," replied a rather cool Mr. Herbert Eakins. "I am a bachelor and you will easily see I have neither male nor female company."

"You got nerve about you," snapped back Lou Heyland. "I bet you can figure out I came to rub you out. Yet you take it very calm. The last guy I killed in Kansas City went down on his knees and sobbed like a two-year old kid. So I gave him an extra bullet for good measure."

The torpedo walked through all the rooms and then returned with his unwilling host to



the living room. He looked at the contraption on the table.

"What do you call that thing?" he demanded.

"Tape recorder was the answer, and if you turn the switch on the right you will hear some opera. I was playing a recording when you came in."

"Sit down and just be quiet for the next half hour. I can't kill you right away as this has to be done on a time schedule to give my boss an alibi. And he's paying top prices to have you rubbed out."

"No use of playing twenty questions and answers with you," retorted the attorney. "Before I die it might help me if you would introduce yourself and tell me the man who hired you."

The torpedo couldn't help admiring the nerve of the man who remained so cool in the face of certain death.

"My old lady called me Lou and my old man chipped in with the Heyland part of the name. My headquarters are in Frisco. Fat John Marshak hired me to get you out of his way. Guess you got the goods on what a big crook he happens to be. If you happen to be superstitious then I'll let you in on a secret. You'll be my thirteenth victim this year. Not bad for a boy who once hung around pool parlors just for crumbs. I'm tops in my profession and get the highest rate."

The doorbell rang twice. Lou Heyland gripped his gun a bit tighter. Then he shoved it into his coat pocket. He knew how to handle an unexpected interruption like this.

"Don't let them in this room because then I'll have to kill that person also. Get rid of whoever is outside the door in two minutes flat."

The attorney walked to the door and opened it slightly. He looked at the person on the other side of the threshold and spoke first.

"So it's you Frances! Sorry I can't see you at all tonight. I know you want that recording I made of Rigoletto so just wait outside for a minute."

He closed the door and walked to the machine. He turned the switch for a fast rewind. He waited thirty seconds and then removed the reel of tape from the machine. He walked to the door, opened it and handed the reel to the person on the other side.

"Please take care of this reel," he said. "It is very important. I am working on the facts of the Marshak investigation now. I'll see you tomorrow evening at nine."

"You got a cool head on your shoulder," said Lou Heyland after the uninvited guest had left. "Making a date with a dame when you know you'll be a dead pigeon soon."

"I'll be alive by tomorrow," was the unexpected reply. "I gave her a reel of tape on which everything you said was recorded. And what can you do? You don't even know how the girl to whom I spoke looks. She'll deliver it to the D.A. The fact that I refused to see her was enough to tip her off that something was wrong."

"I don't believe a word you say," shouted Lou Heyland at the unexpected turn of events. For this he was not prepared. "You are just trying to trick me."

"Watch me record something you say on another reel of tape," the attorney answered. "Then decide whether or not I am faking. The Alderman certainly sold you a bum bill of goods with me. We'll have to take care of him."

The car coming down the dead end of the road blinked the lights twice. Alderman John Marshak returned the signal and then got out of his car to greet Lou Heyland.

"Everything go fine?" he said.

"Sure" was the one word reply.

"Give me your gun and I'll give you the money."

Pat John Marshak took the gun from his hired torpedo. He broke it and saw that two shells had been fired. Then he levelled the gun at Lou Heyland.

"Sorry I have to kill you. You are my only link to the death of Herbert Eakins. And an hour ago we dropped Sam Falter into the ocean. He was my only link to you."

Four times he pulled the trigger and nothing happened because the powder had been removed from those shells by the police. Then he threw the gun in Lou's face and went for his own.

"Drop it or you'll be riddled with machine gun bullets," shouted the voice of the Chief of Police.

They were going to burn the same evening in the Death House. As a final request, Herbert Eakins saw the torpedo.

"I would like to hear my voice on that reel just before I die. Want to get it through my dumb head how I became my thirteenth victim."

"Can't be done," apologized the attorney. "The dial wasn't set for recording. All that was on that tape was just the opera Rigoletto."

THE END

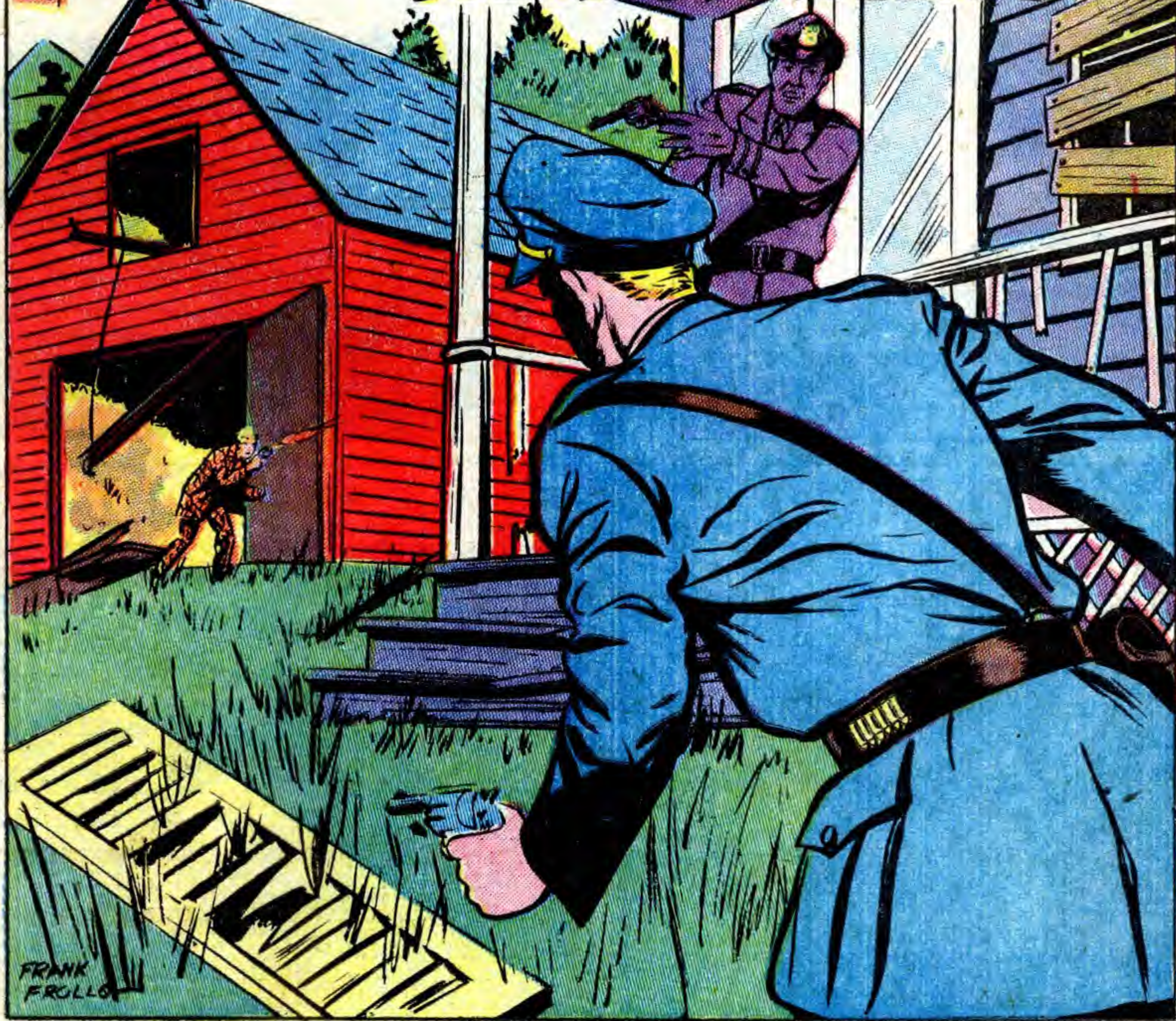


# RADIO PATROL



**F**RANK FERRIS, AGED TWENTY ONE, RELEASED THIS MORNING FROM THE STATE REFORMATORY AFTER SERVING TWO YEARS FOR THE THEFT OF SEVEN DOLLARS AND TWELVE CENTS FROM A NEIGHBORHOOD GROCERY STORE... FERRIS LEARNED ONE LESSON IN THE LAST TWO YEARS... SEVEN DOLLARS WON'T PAY A LAWYER TO GET YOU OUT OF TROUBLE. HE'LL NOT STEAL AGAIN... UNLESS HE CAN...

## "STEAL A MILLION"





# CRIME AND JUSTICE





# CRIME AND JUSTICE

**D**UE TO A SHORTAGE OF HELP, FERRIS WAS PUT TO WORK IN THE PLANT IMMEDIATELY PENDING A ROUTINE CHECKUP OF BACKGROUND BY THE F.B.I....



YOU'LL WORK THAT LATHE ON THE NEXT LINE, FERRIS.

GOOD. I'VE USED THAT TYPE OF LATHE BEFORE. I'LL BE OKAY ON THIS JOB...



HEY, CAN IT BE... WHY, IT SURE IS! WHEN DID YOU GET OUT, FRANKIE?

WELL, I'LL BE SID GANTLIN! YOU WORKIN' HERE? WHY, I AIN'T SEEN YOU SINCE...



YEAH, YEAH. COME ON, FRANKIE, ANOTHER GUY BACK HERE YOU'LL WANT TO SEE... REMEMBER "GREASY" ERLICH? HE'S A CHECKER HERE.

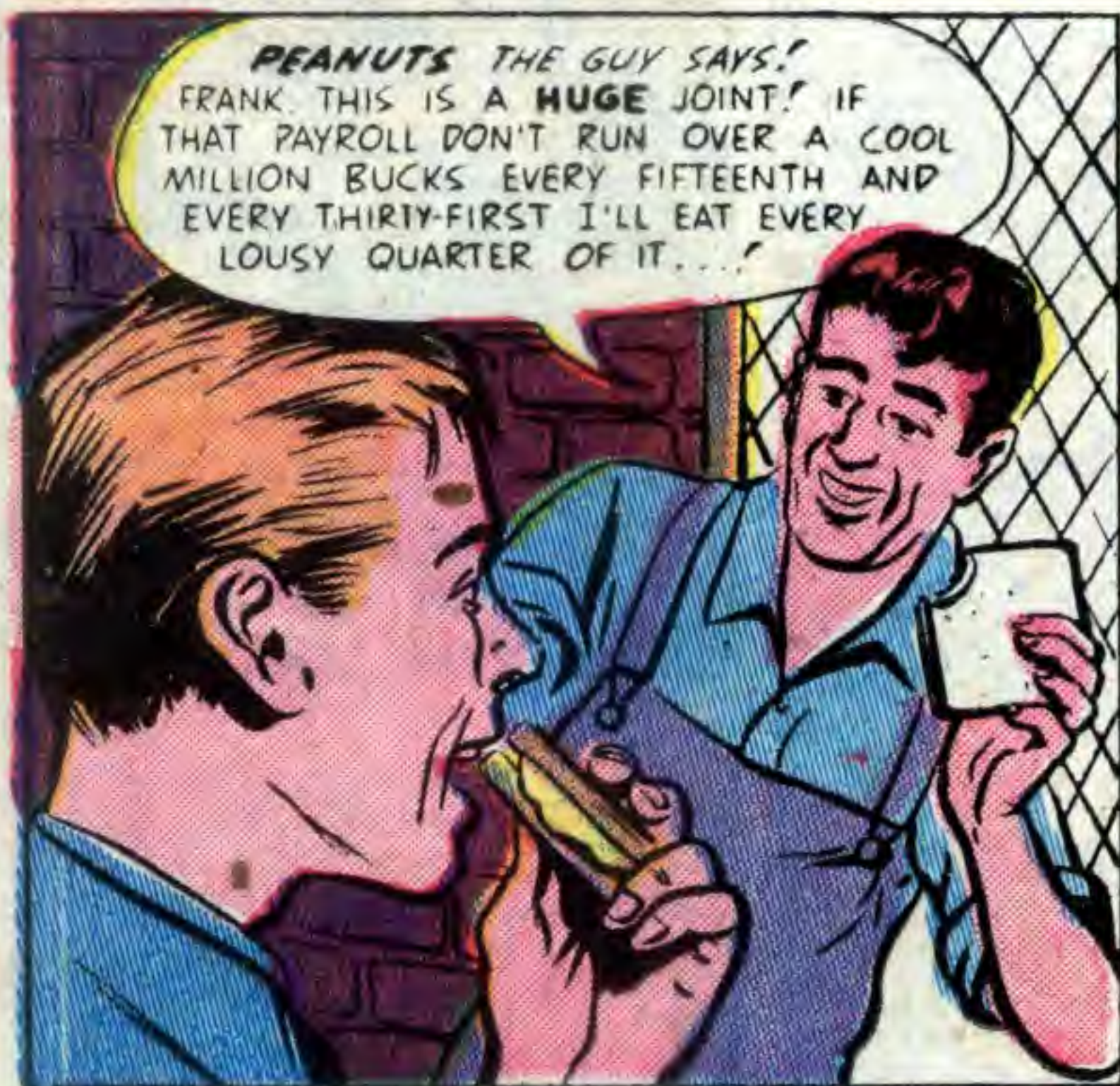
NO KIDDIN'! GEE, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, SID!



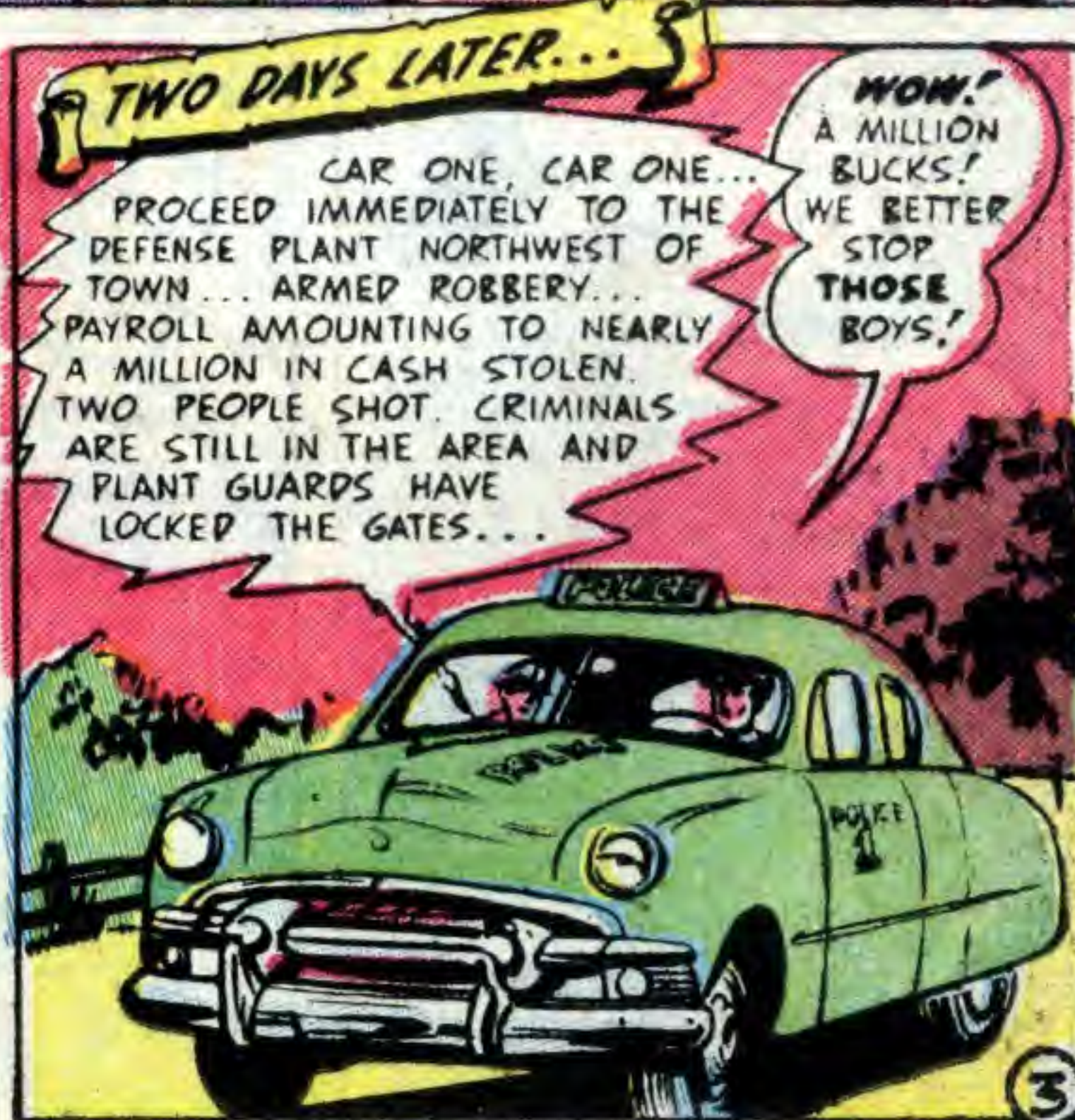
LATER, DURING THE NOON HOUR...

LISTEN, FRANK, YOU'RE JUST THE GUY WE BEEN WAITIN' FOR. THIS IS A BIG PLACE... JUST GOT STARTED A MONTH AGO AND STILL PAYIN' OFF IN CASH. YOU GOT THE GUTS AND THE BRAINS TO FIGURE A JOB ON THAT PAYROLL... JUST FIGURE US TWO IN WITH YOU!

HOLD ON, FELLAS. I AIN'T ALLERGIC TO EASY DOUGH AND YOU KNOW IT... BUT I AIN'T STICKIN' MY NECK OUT AGAIN FOR NO PEANUTS...



PEANUTS THE GUY SAYS! FRANK, THIS IS A HUGE JOINT! IF THAT PAYROLL DON'T RUN OVER A COOL MILLION BUCKS EVERY FIFTEENTH AND EVERY THIRTY-FIRST I'LL EAT EVERY LOUSY QUARTER OF IT...



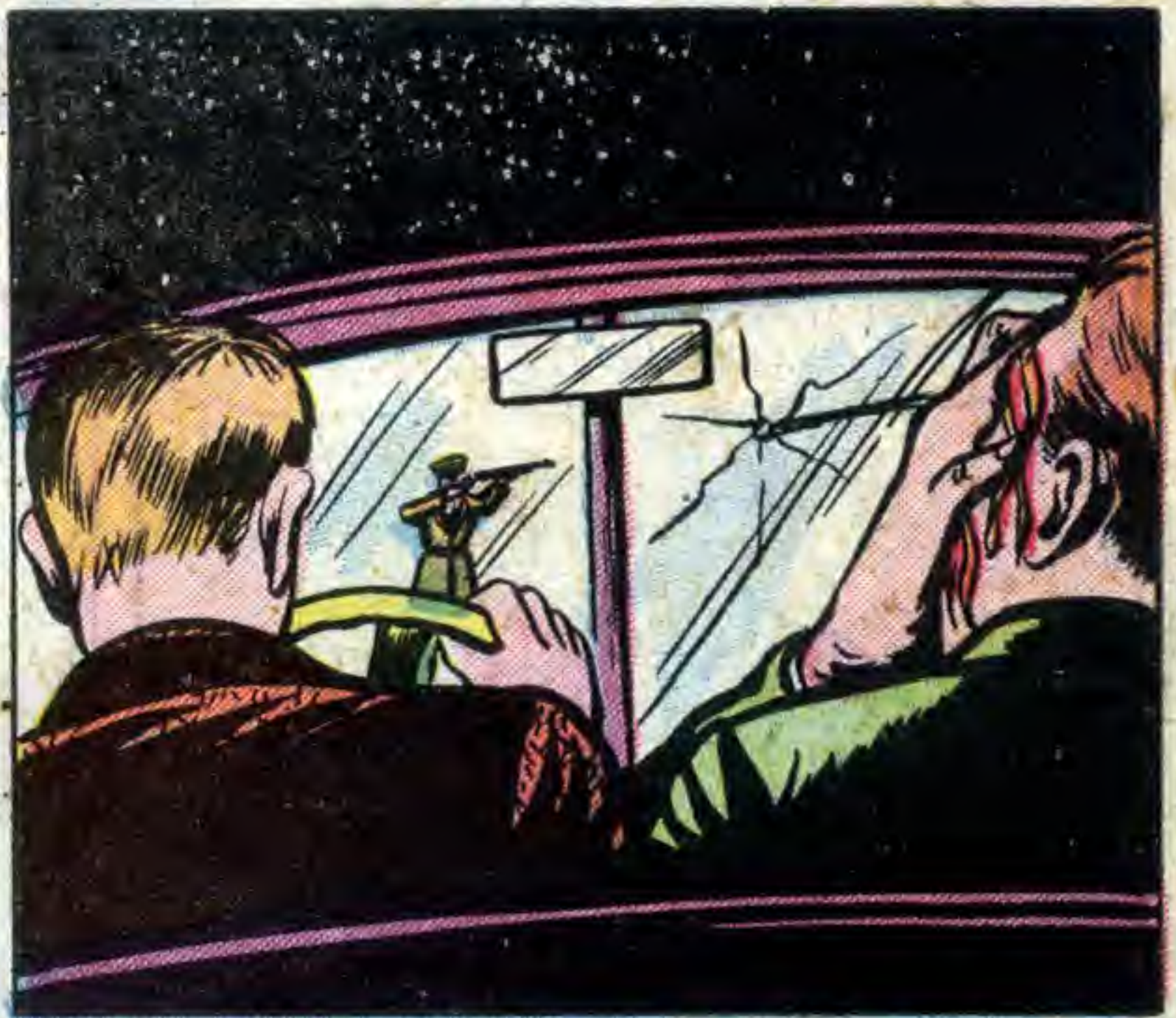
TWO DAYS LATER...

CAR ONE, CAR ONE... PROCEED IMMEDIATELY TO THE DEFENSE PLANT NORTHWEST OF TOWN... ARMED ROBBERY... PAYROLL AMOUNTING TO NEARLY A MILLION IN CASH STOLEN. TWO PEOPLE SHOT. CRIMINALS ARE STILL IN THE AREA AND PLANT GUARDS HAVE LOCKED THE GATES...

WOW! A MILLION BUCKS! WE BETTER STOP THOSE BOYS!

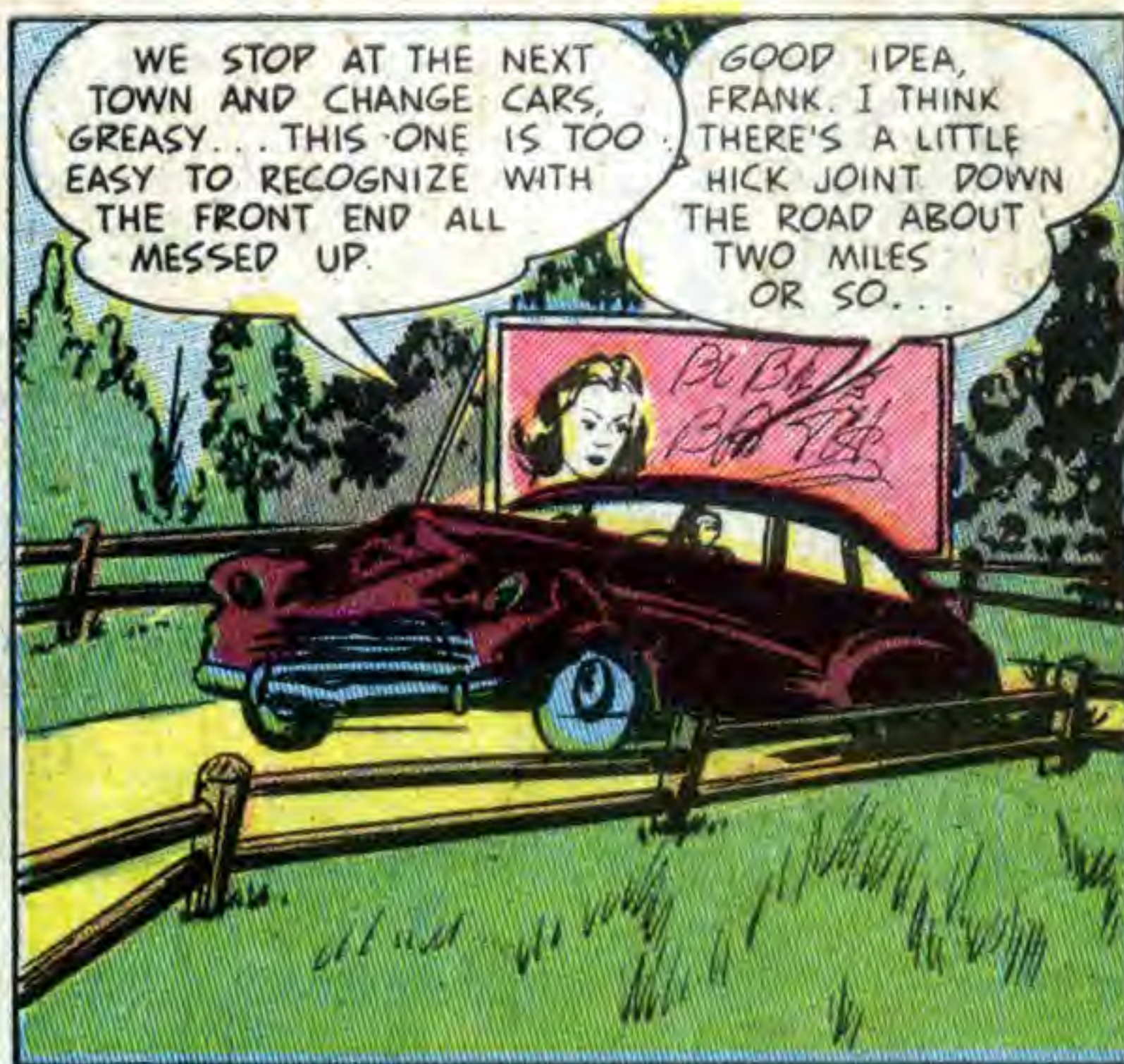


# CRIME AND JUSTICE



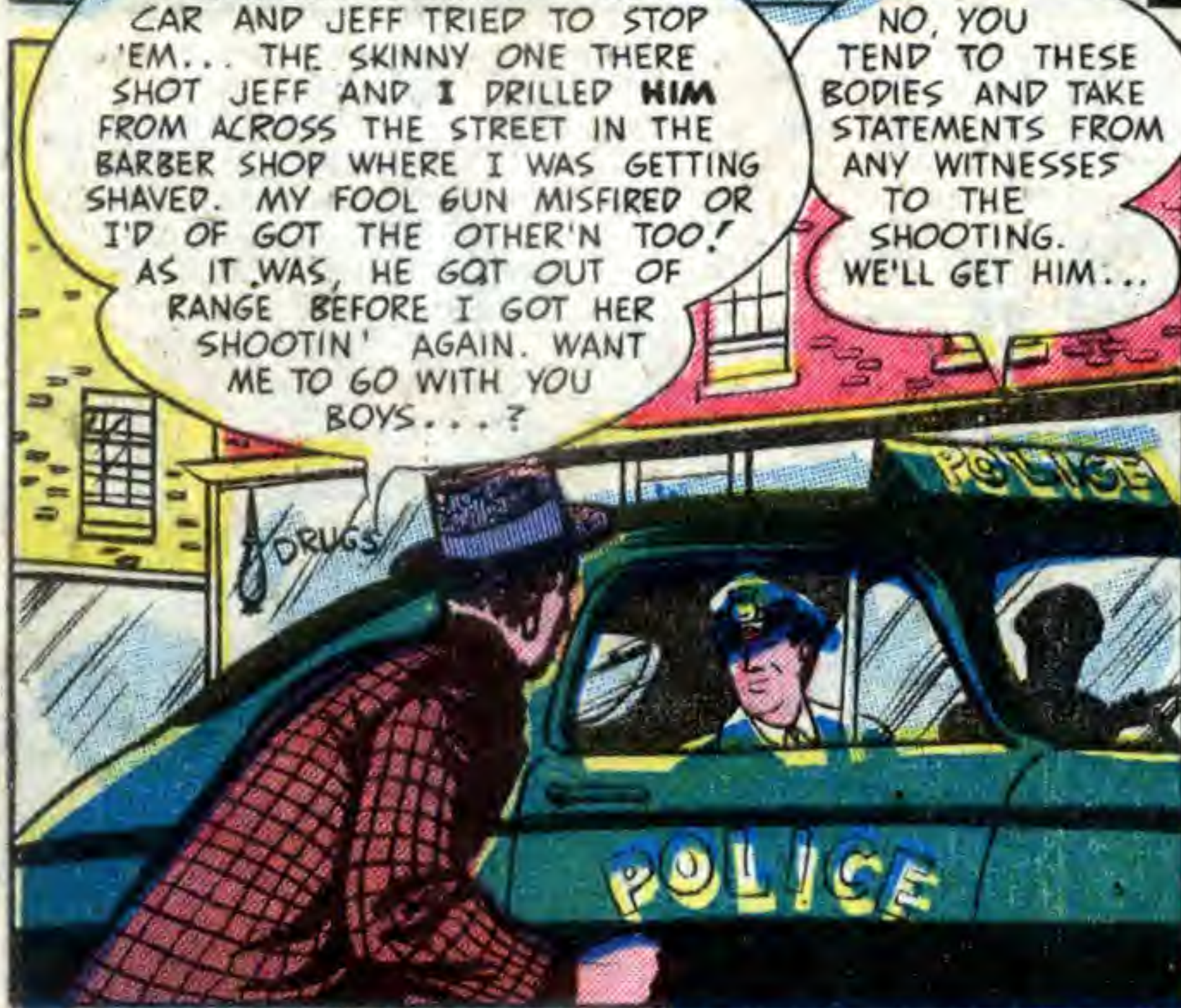
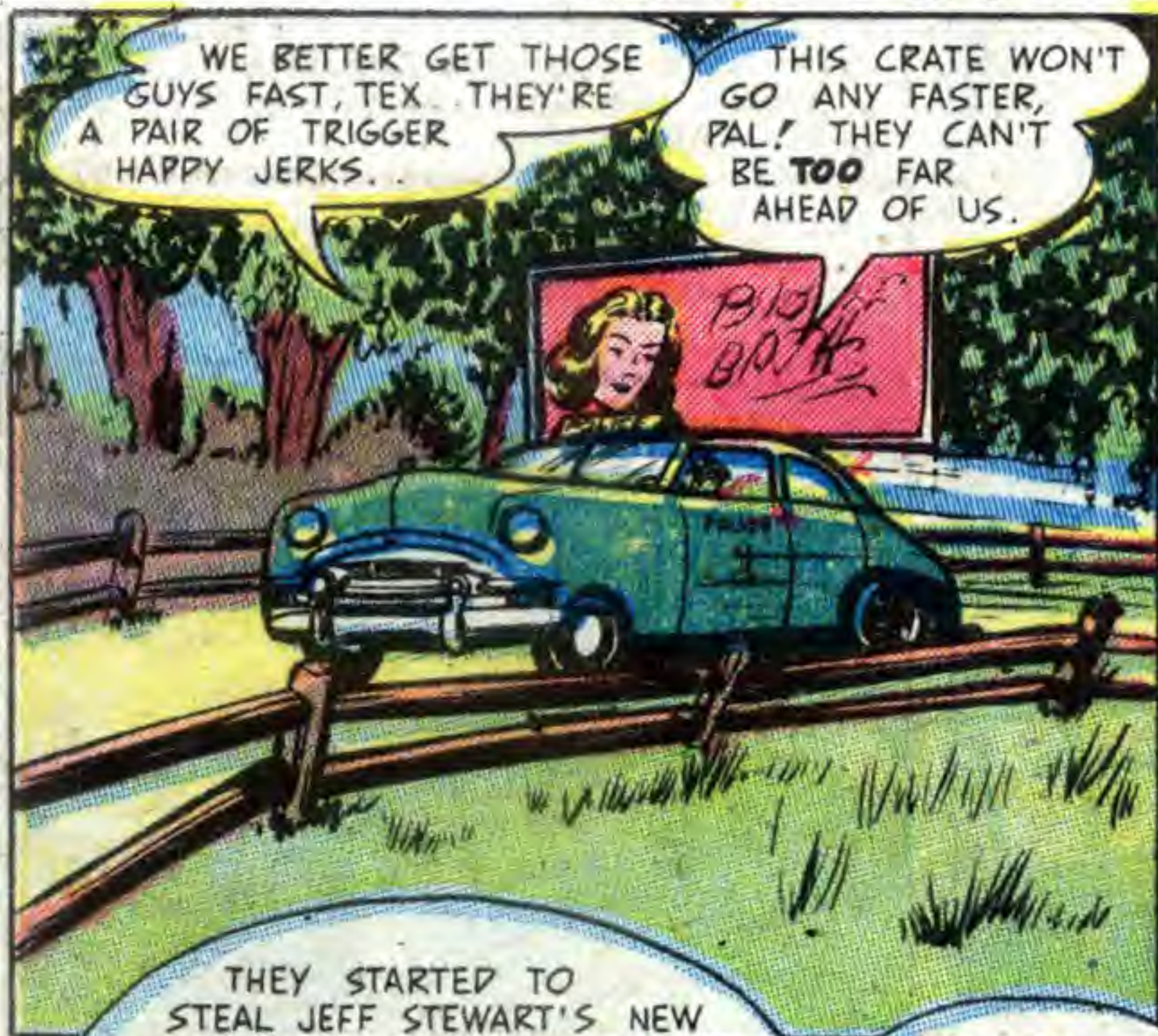


# CRIME AND JUSTICE



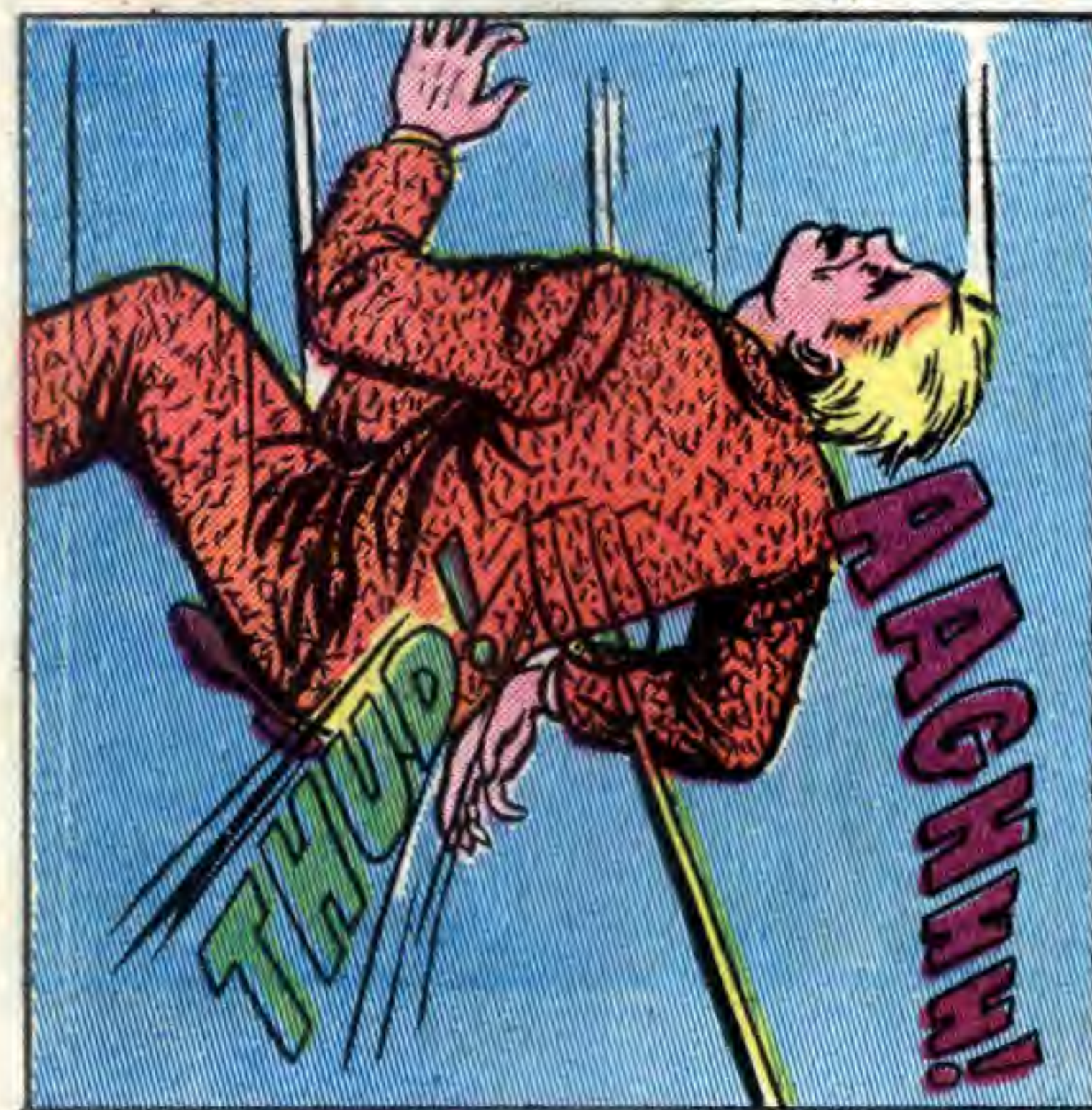
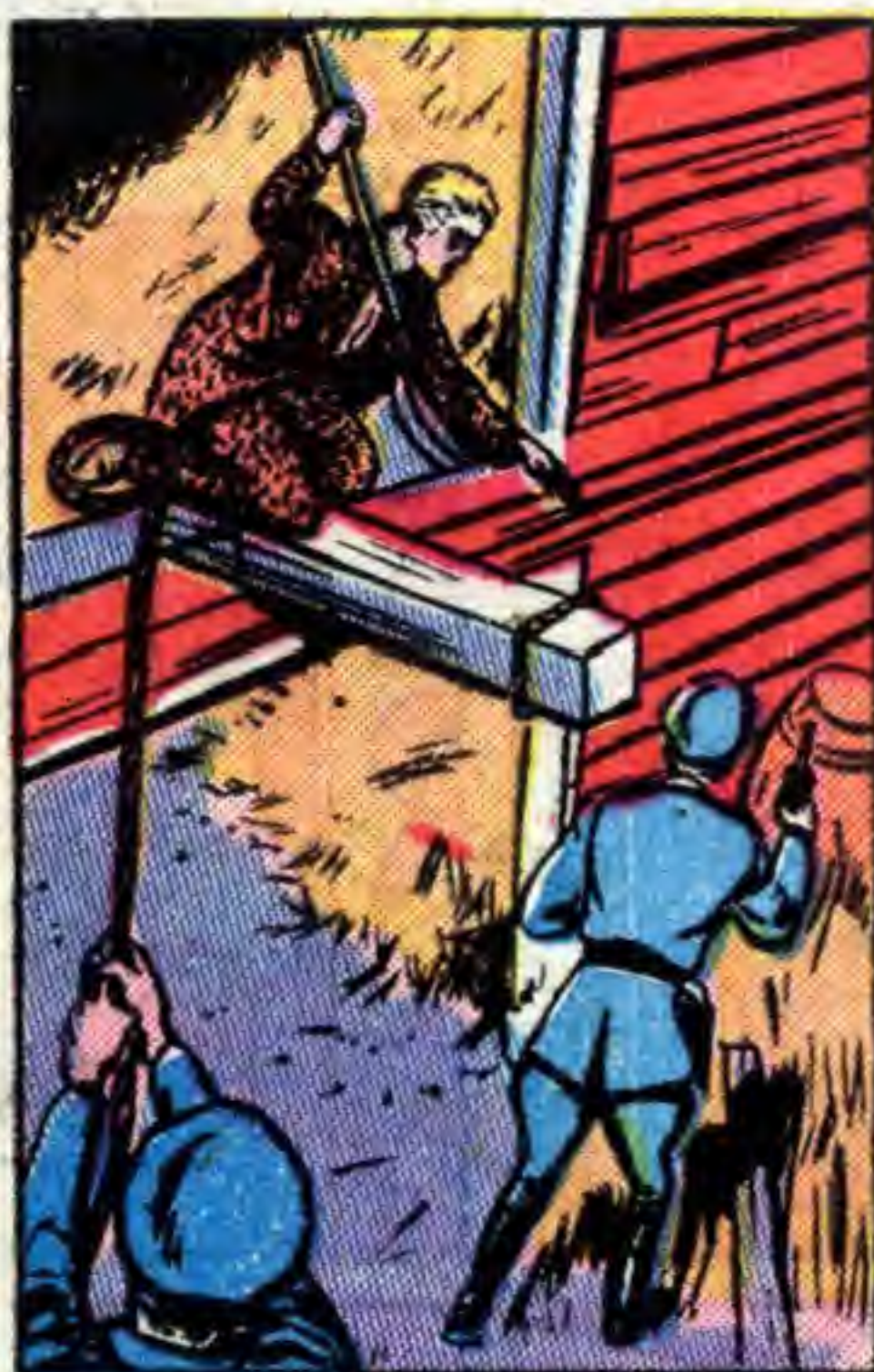


# CRIME AND JUSTICE





# CRIME AND JUSTICE



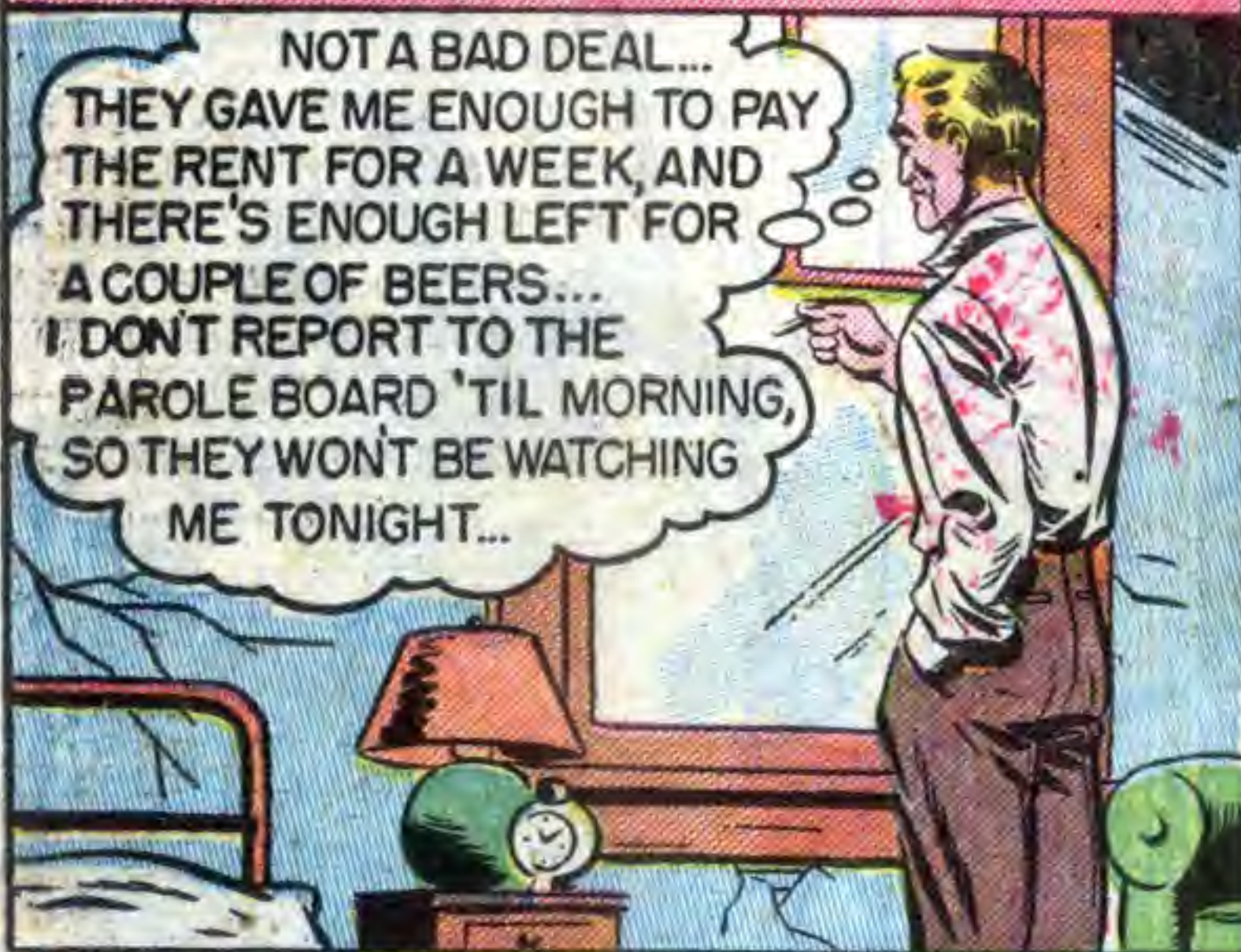


# CRIME AND JUSTICE

# KILLER COME HOME

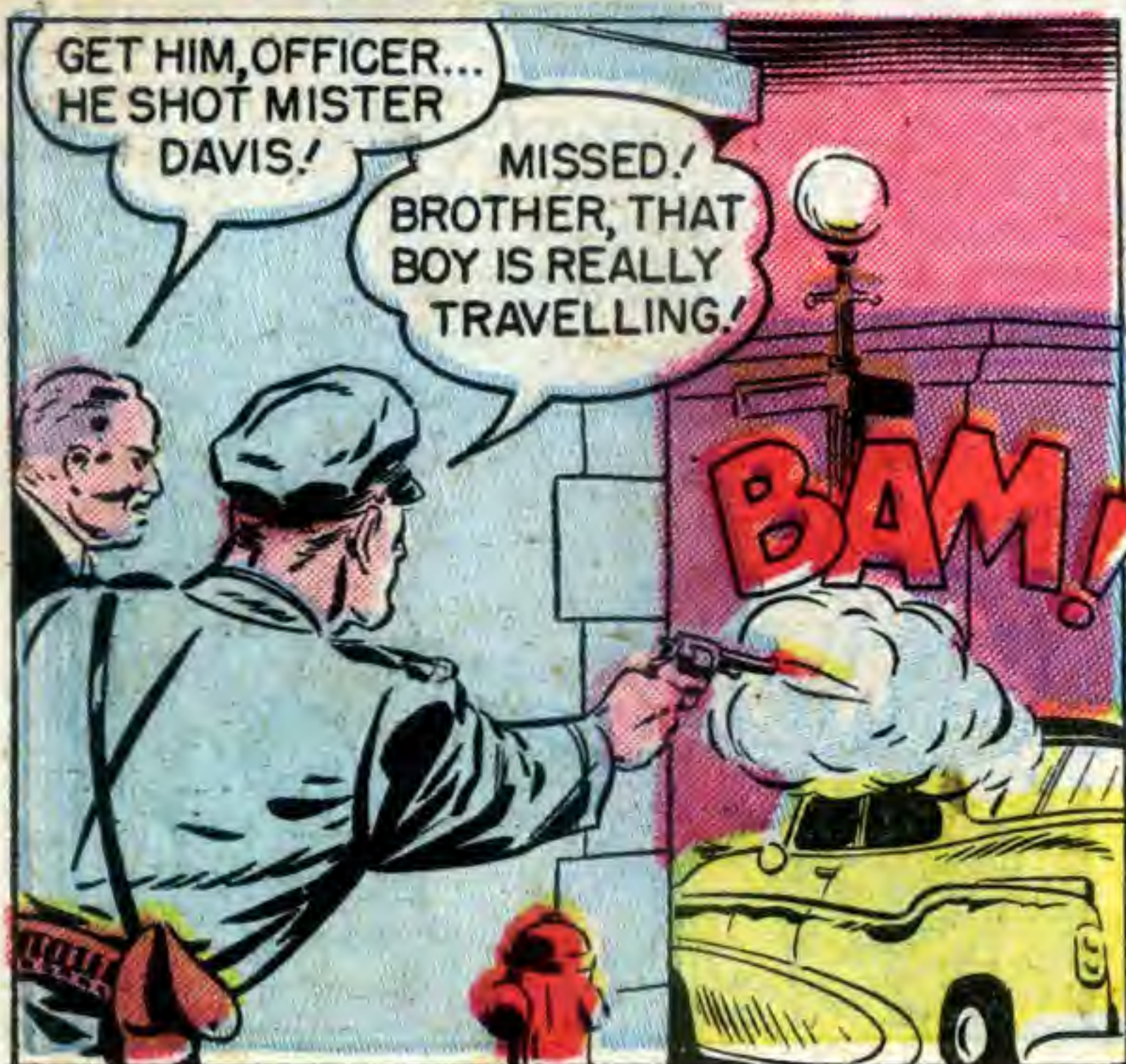
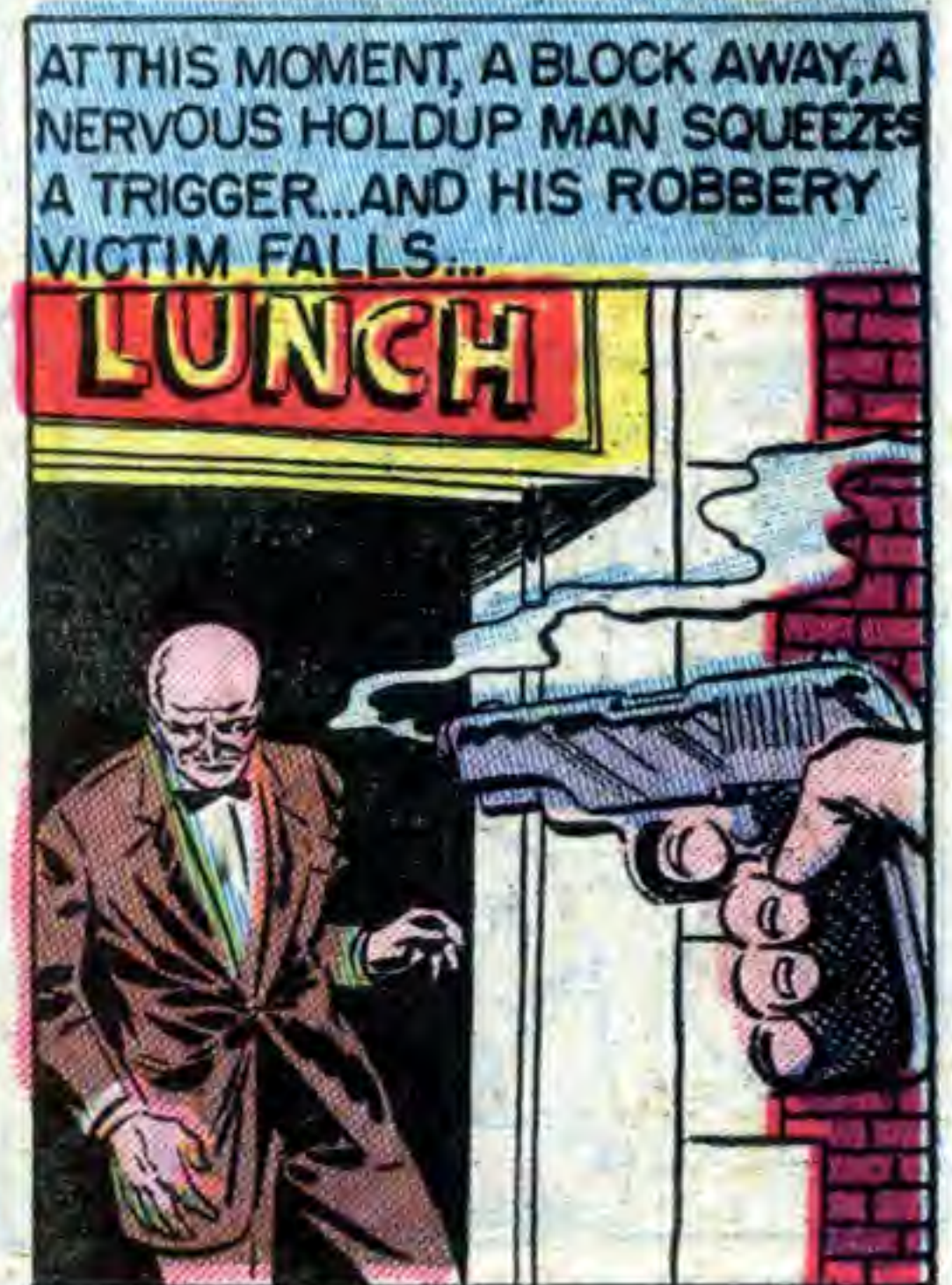


A SHORT TIME LATER KARL RIKER REACHES THE CITY AND OCCUPIES THE QUARTERS PROVIDED FOR IN THE TERMS OF HIS PAROLE...



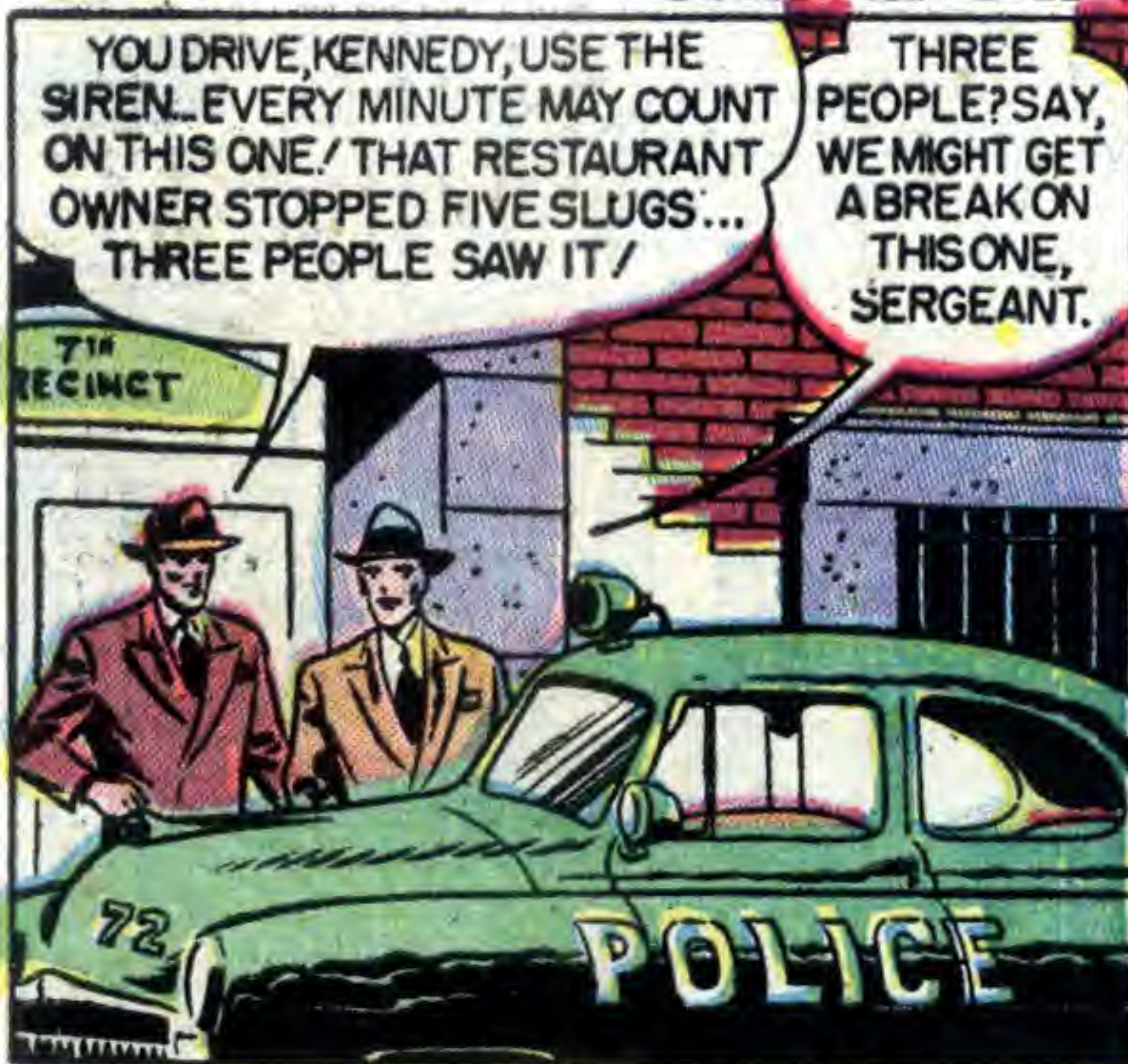


# CRIME AND JUSTICE





# CRIME AND JUSTICE



YOU DRIVE, KENNEDY, USE THE SIREN... EVERY MINUTE MAY COUNT ON THIS ONE! THAT RESTAURANT OWNER STOPPED FIVE SLUGS... THREE PEOPLE SAW IT!

THREE PEOPLE? SAY, WE MIGHT GET A BREAK ON THIS ONE, SERGEANT.



ABOUT FIVE FEET, SERGEANT, NO TALLER. HIS HAT FELL OFF AS HE GOT IN THE CAR AND HE HAD DARK STRAIGHT HAIR...

...HE HAD VERY HEAVY, BLACK EYEBROWS, SERGEANT. I NOTICED THAT...



OKAY, MRS. DAVIS, IF YOU DIDN'T SEE HIM AND DON'T KNOW WHY HE SHOT YOUR HUSBAND AFTER ROBBING HIM, YOU CAN'T HELP ME. HOW ABOUT YOU, MISS MARTIN?

I AGREE WITH THE OTHER DESCRIPTIONS, SERGEANT, AND ANOTHER THING...



...HE WAS VERY NERVOUS. MR. DAVIS STARTED TO COME OUT FROM BEHIND THE CASH REGISTER AS THE BANDIT WAS BACKING OUT THE DOOR. THAT WAS WHEN HE STARTED SHOOTING... I THINK HE JUST LOST HIS HEAD WHEN MR. DAVIS MOVED... AND PULLED THE TRIGGER!



THANKS VERY MUCH... YOU'VE ALL HELPED. WE'LL CALL ON YOU WHEN WE HAVE A SUSPECT FOR YOU TO LOOK AT.



EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING, DETECTIVE KENNEDY MAKES A DISCOVERY.

HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! WHEN DID THIS PICK UP ORDER COME IN?

WHICH ONE'S THAT... OH, THE PAROLEE? GOT THAT ONE THIS MORNING. HE DIDN'T SHOW AT THE PAROLE BOARD THIS MORNING LIKE HE SHOULD HAVE...



# CRIME AND JUSTICE

IT'S A CINCH THIS IS OUR MAN, SERGEANT/ LOOK AT THAT DESCRIPTION... FOUR FEET, ELEVEN... DARK, STRAIGHT HAIR... BUSHY EYEBROWS... RECORD OF HOLDUPS! NAME'S KARL RIKER.

RELEASED FROM STATE PRISON YESTERDAY... AND HIS ADDRESS IS NOT TOO FAR FROM THE RESTAURANT. COULD BE, KENNEDY, LET'S CHECK ON HIM.



MOMENTS LATER, AS THE POLICEMEN ARRIVE IN FRONT OF KARL RIKER'S ADDRESS, THE EX-CONVICT LEAVES BY THE REAR EXIT

I'M GETTING OUT'A THIS BURG AND HEADIN' WEST/ THEY'LL BE LOOKIN' FOR ME BY NOW... GOTTA BE CAREFUL...



I JUST SAW HIM LEAVING BY THE BACK WAY WITH A SUITCASE!

LET'S GET HIM, SERGEANT!



STOP, RIKER! TAKE ONE MORE STEP AND WE'LL SHOOT! GET THOSE HANDS UP GOOD AND HIGH, AND DON'T MOVE...



NO GUN, SERGEANT. WHAT DID YOU DO WITH IT, RIKER?

WHAT GUN? I DON'T HAVE ANY GUN!

WHY THE SUITCASE, RIKER? LEAVING TOWN?



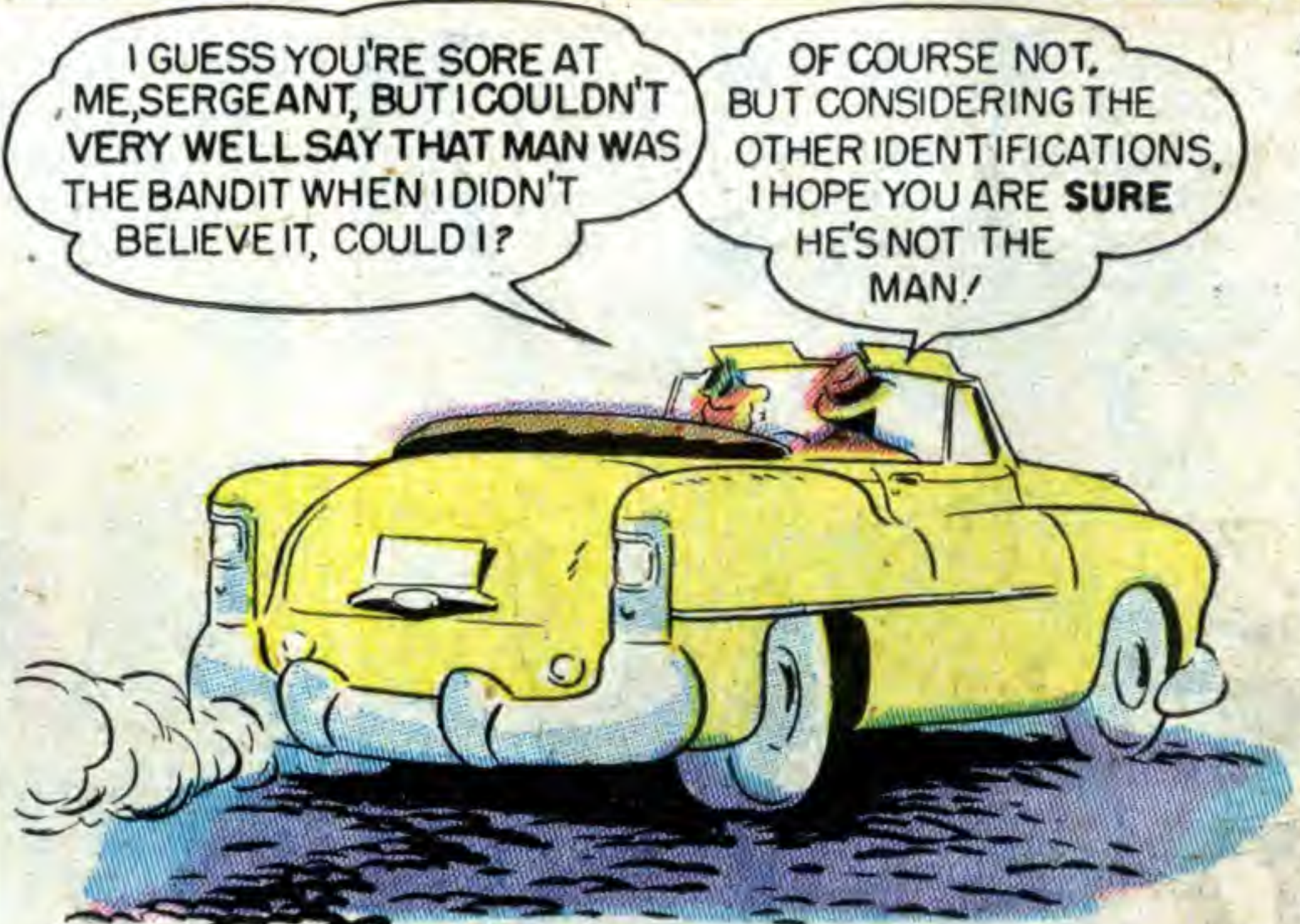
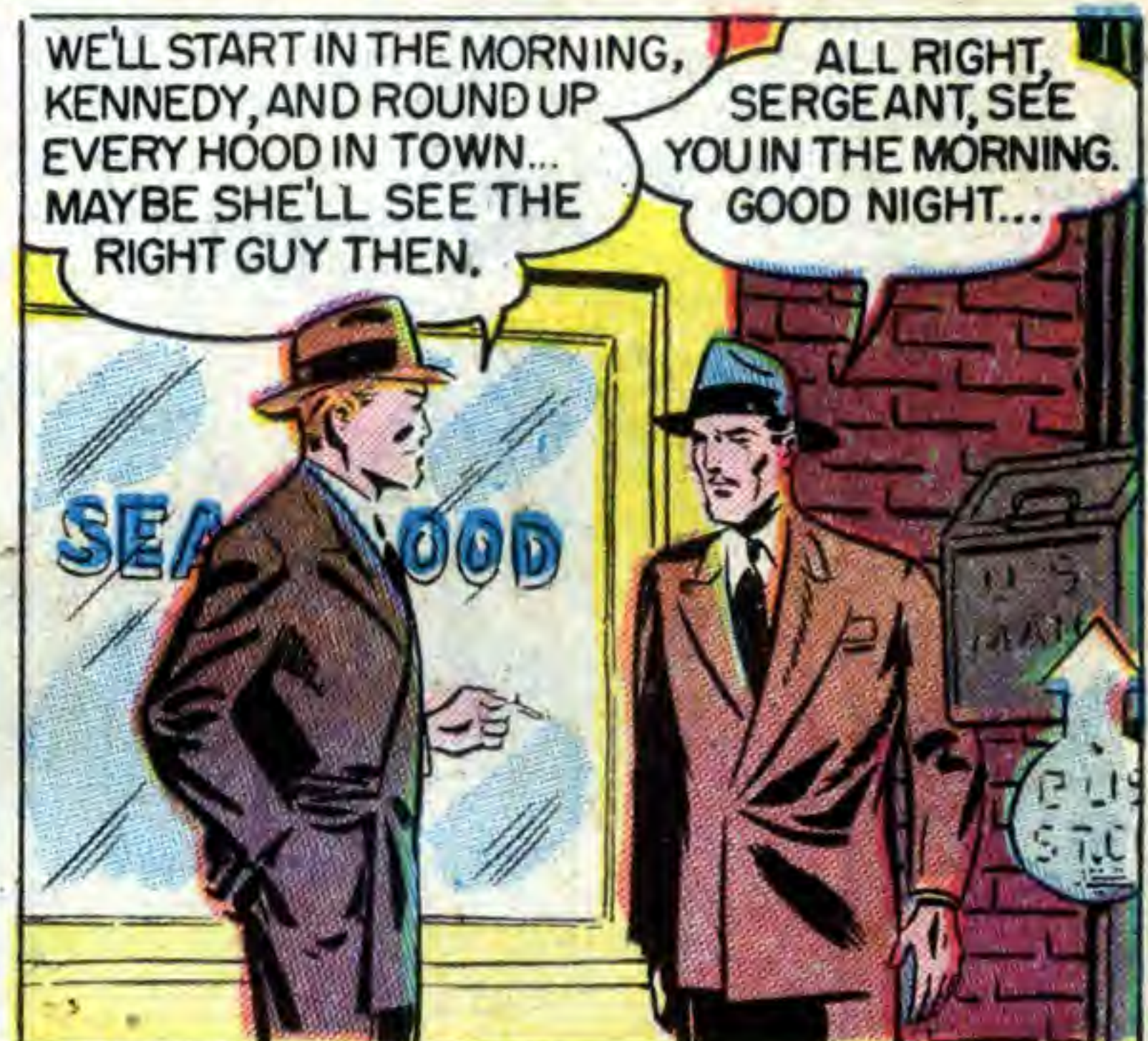
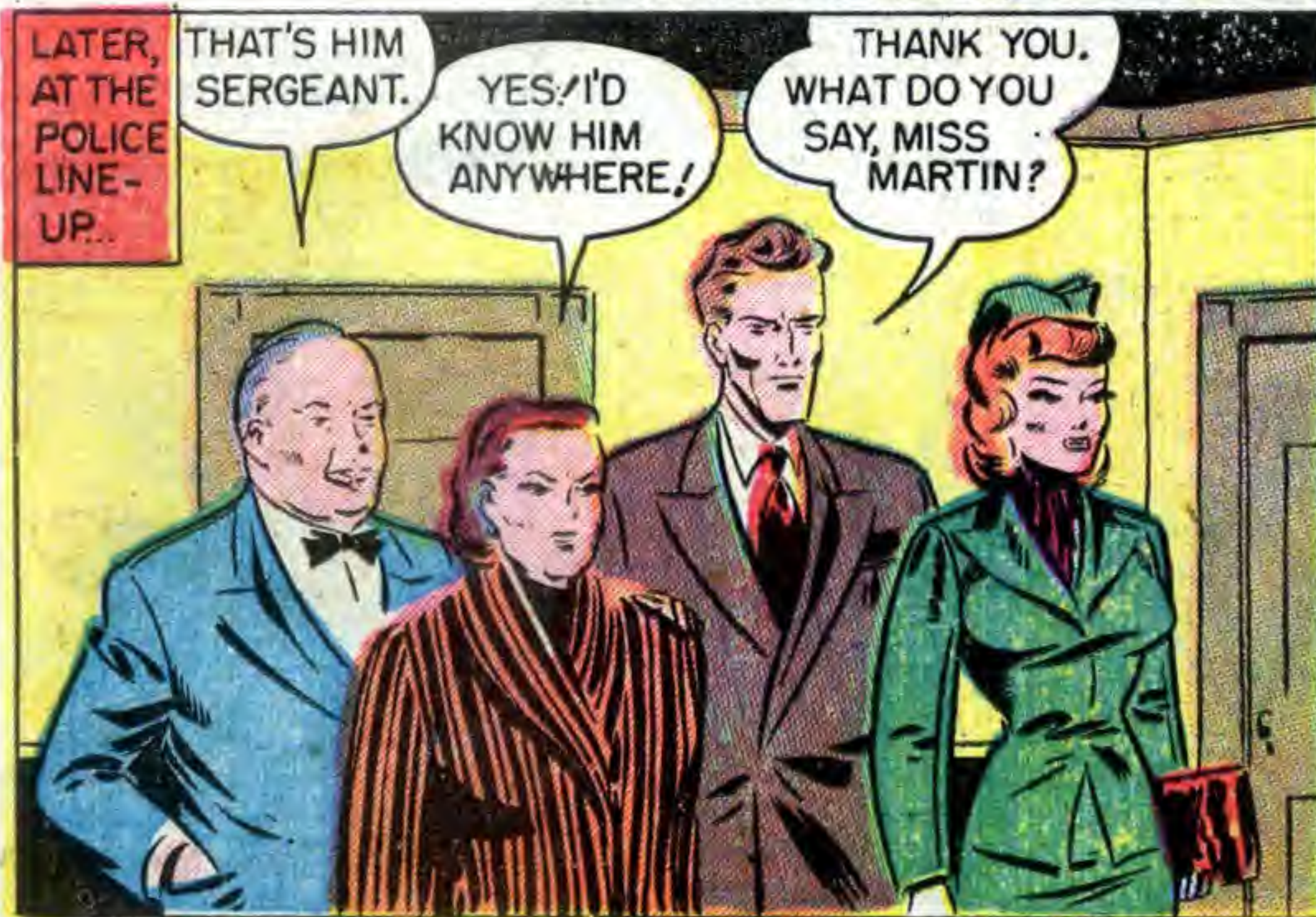
I WASN'T LEAVING TOWN. I WAS JUST ON MY WAY DOWN TO THE PAROLE BOARD'S OFFICE. ...HONEST!

LITTLE LATE FOR THAT, ISN'T IT? YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR MURDER AND ARMED ROBBERY. TAKE HIM DOWN TOWN, BOYS. YOU GO WITH THEM KENNEDY. I'LL BRING OUR CAR DOWN.





# CRIME AND JUSTICE



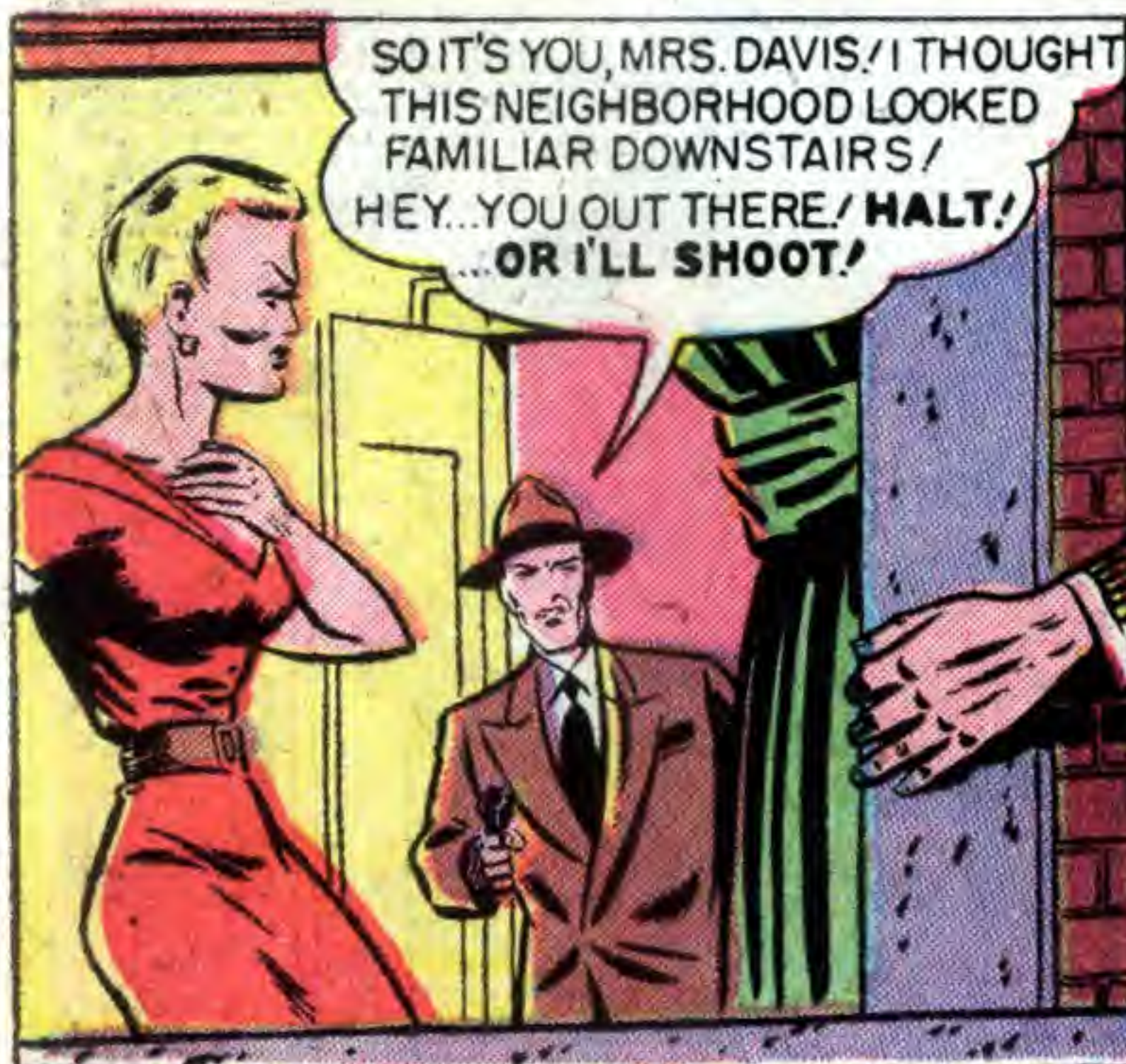
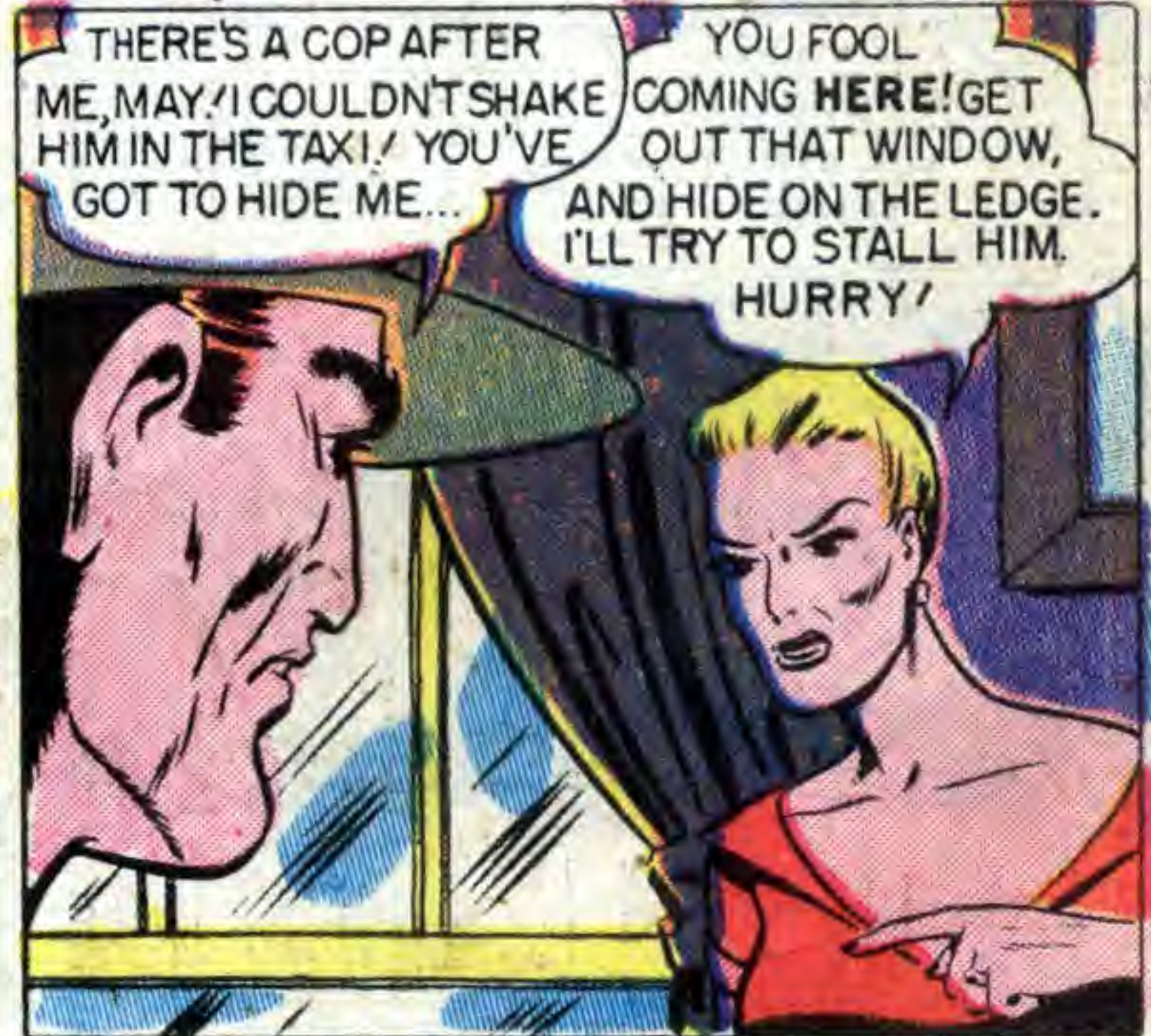


# CRIME AND JUSTICE



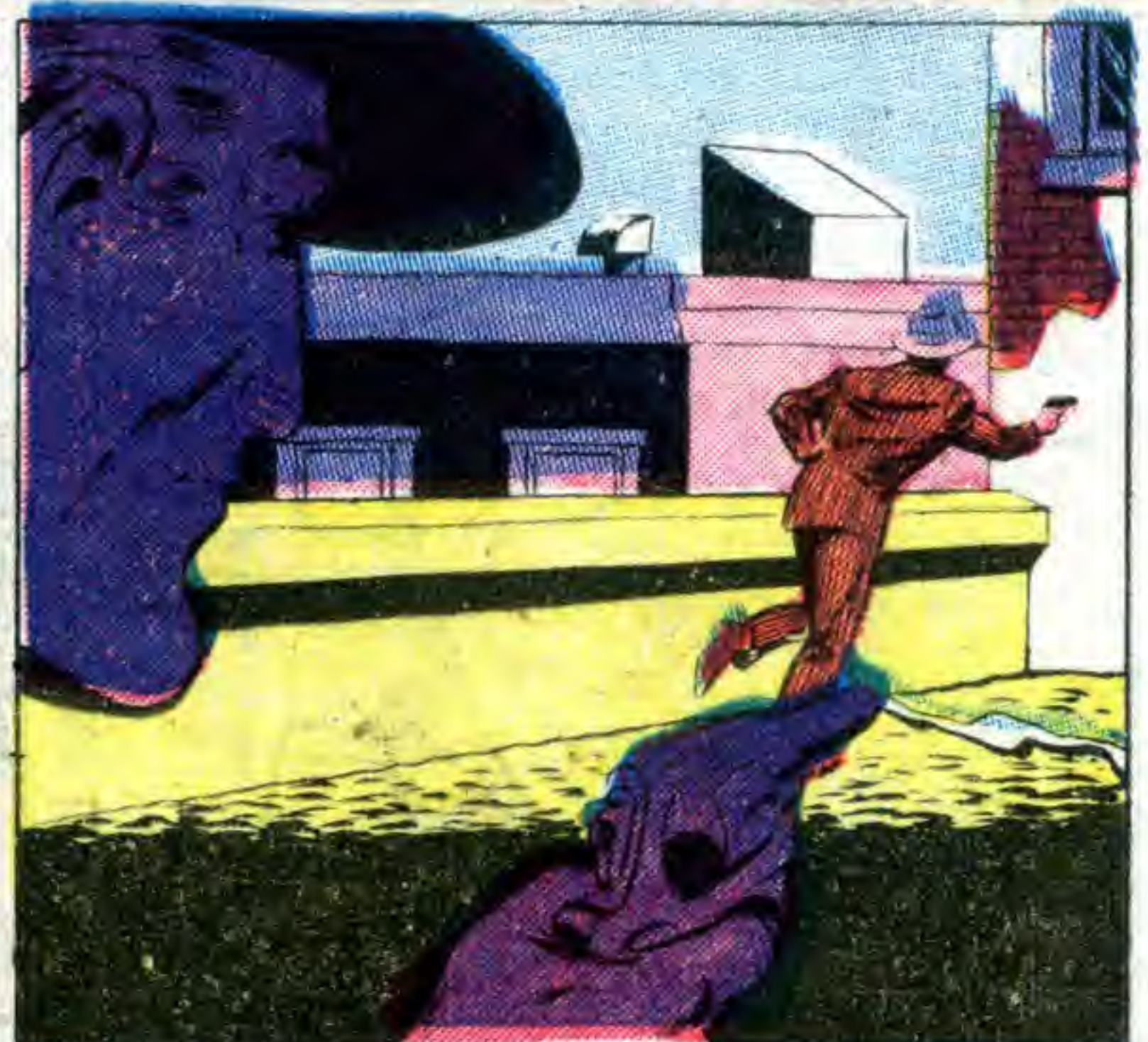
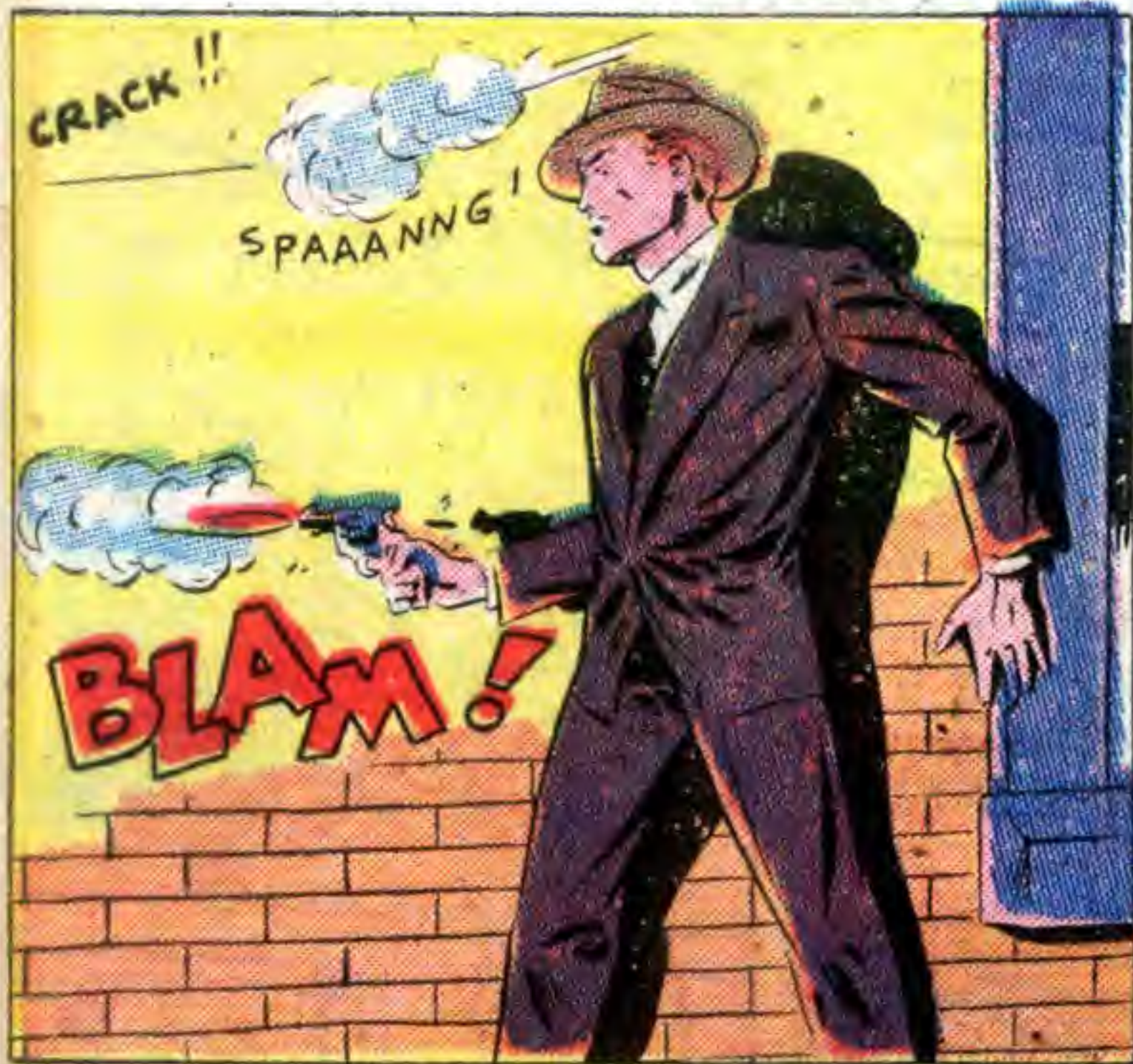


# CRIME AND JUSTICE





# CRIME AND JUSTICE

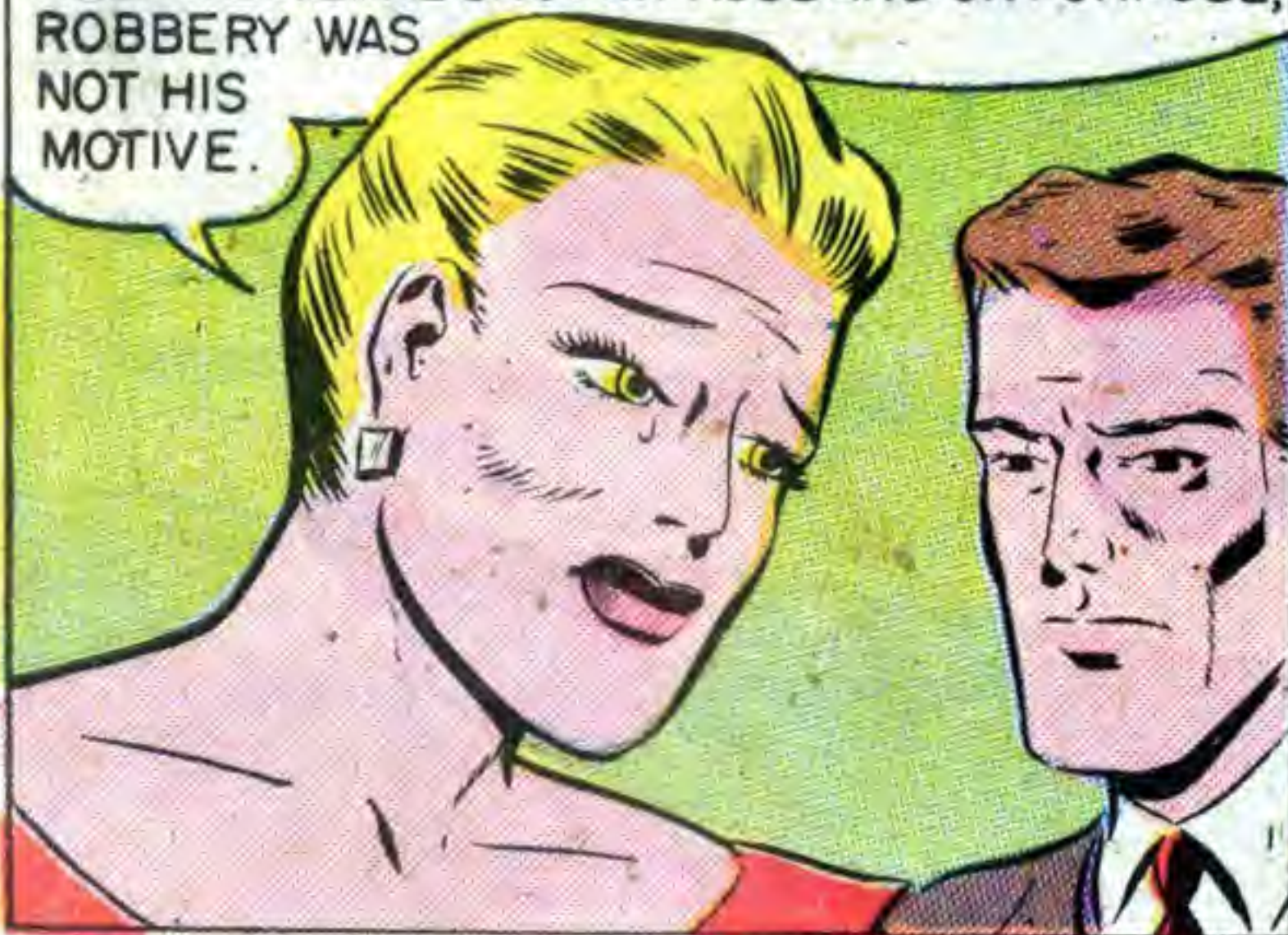




# CRIME AND JUSTICE



IT WAS MY BROTHER, SERGEANT. I'D DECIDED SOME TIME AGO TO GET RID OF MY HUSBAND! I GOT MY BROTHER TO COME OUT HERE FROM CHICAGO TO HELP ME. HE... HE SHOT MY HUSBAND ON PURPOSE, ROBBERY WAS NOT HIS MOTIVE.



UH, HUH... AND THE RESTAURANT, DAVE'S INSURANCE, AND ANY OTHER ASSETS, WOULD HAVE PASSED TO YOU. I WONDER IF YOU INTENDED TO GIVE YOUR BROTHER A SHARE OF THE PROFITS, OR IF YOU WOULD HAVE KILLED HIM, TOO... WELL... LET'S GO



THE POOR DOPE! HE WASN'T PROFESSIONAL ENOUGH TO CARRY IT OFF WHEN YOU JUMPED HIM, AND BEING A STRANGER IN TOWN, COULDN'T GET AWAY FROM YOU. SO HE RAN FOR HOME. I SUPPOSE IN HIS FRIGHTENED STATE OF MIND THAT WAS THE REASONABLE THING TO DO... WILL YOU LET THAT POOR LITTLE KARL RIKER OUT NOW?



HE DOESN'T DESERVE IT, BUT I GUESS I'LL TAKE HIM DOWN AND SQUARE HIM AT THE PAROLE BOARD AND LET HIM HAVE A SECOND START...



WELL, GOOD! AND NOW, IF YOU'RE THROUGH CHASING KILLERS AROUND IN MY CAR, YOU MAY AS WELL ORDER ME ANOTHER DRINK. THIS ONE'S GONE KIND OF STALE BY NOW.



STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (39 U. S. C. 233)

Of Crime And Justice Comics published bi-monthly at Derby, Connecticut for October, 1952.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Ed Levy, Derby, Conn.

Editor, Burton N. Levey, Derby, Conn.

Managing Editor, Burton N. Levey, Derby, Conn.

Business Manager, John Santangelo, Derby, Conn.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholder owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other incorporated firm, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Capitol Stories, Inc. Derby, Conn.

Ed Levy, Derby, Conn.

John Santangelo, Derby, Conn.

Burton N. Levey, Derby, Conn.

3. The known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 & 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

BURTON N. LEVEY, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of Sept. 1952.  
(SEAL)

Edward A. Handi

Notary Public

(My commission expires Nov. 16, 1954)

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